JOHN BULL, AUGUST 2, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

No. 1259.
Vol. XLVIII.

OVER A MILLION SALE

OPEN TO ALL

£2,000 in CASH prizes

EVERY free entry coupon sent in will be worth 3d. to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' Personal Fund (The British Legion Book Fund) for the charitable work of the British Legion. B.P. will contribute to the Fund at this rate per coupon.
The British Legion endeavours to assist every Ex-Service man and the widows and dependents of those who lost their lives in the Great War.

NO ENTRY FEE.

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN

YOU can win £1,000 (or other) cash prize by correctly filling in the free coupon below. Read carefully the following :—

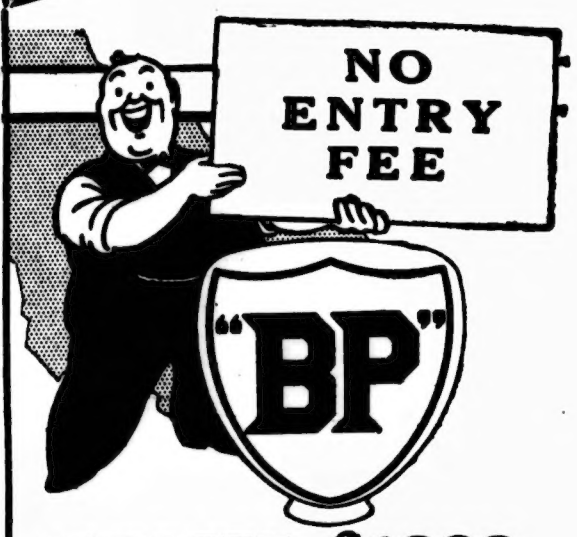
In what order of importance do motorists appreciate the essential properties of a petrol?
It was only last summer that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's Research Scientists introduced a New "BP" refining Process that further raised the British Petrol standard above that of the rest of the world.
Motorists appreciated the quicker acceleration—the increased mileage—the freedom from "pinking"—the liveliness and other qualities that make the new "BP" the ideal petrol.

All you have to do :—

1. Fill in the numbers 1 to 10 in the blank squares on the coupon indicating the order of importance in which the properties of petrol should be placed.
2. Estimate the number of entries that will be received. This estimate will be taken into consideration only in the event of ties.
3. Ask your motoring friends for their opinions. The majority voting will decide who are to be the prize winners.

READ THESE CONDITIONS.

NAMES and addresses must be written in ink on the coupon in block letters. Only one attempt may be written on each coupon.
Coupons must be sent by post to British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Box No. 800, Britannic House, Moorgate, London, E.C. (Comp.), enclosed in sealed envelope (1½d. stamp). More than one coupon may be sent in each envelope. No letter must accompany coupons.
It is essential that the Box No. be included in the address.
Closing date—first post Wednesday, August 6th, but send in *now* or you may be too late.
Results will be published in the Press on September 7th and prizewinners' cheques forwarded early in September.
The Judges' decision will be final and legally binding. No correspondence.
No responsibility can be accepted for coupons that may be lost in the post or otherwise.
Employees of the Company are not eligible.
Ask your petrol dealer for any extra coupons you require for yourself and friends.



1st PRIZE £1000
2nd PRIZE £250
3rd PRIZE £100
4th PRIZE £50
5th PRIZE £25
50 Prizes of £5 each
325 Prizes of £1 each

Someone will win £1,000 CASH

EXTRA COUPONS MAY BE HAD FROM "BP" PETROL DEALERS.

THE NEW "BP" the IDEAL PETROL

Number these 10 qualities in INK in the squares in the order of their importance.

FREE ENTRY COUPON No. 56.

	Order of Importance.		Order of Importance.
ACCELERATION		NON-PINKING	
SPEED		MILES PER GALLON	
HILL CLIMBING		FREEDOM FROM DEPOSIT	
EASY STARTING		POWER	
CLEANLINESS		UNVARYING QUALITY	

I estimate the number of entries at .....
Name .....
Address .....
.....
Make and type of Vehicle, if any .....

Fill in, cut out and post this coupon (see conditions) to British Petroleum Co., Ltd., Box No. 800, Britannic House, Moorgate, London, E.C. (Comp.)

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO., LTD.,
British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2.
Distributing Organisation.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

52-PAGE Wsale Drapery Catalogue, also 16-page A.B.C. direct from actual manufrs., free to Shopkeepers and beginners. Example of prices: Shirts 18/11 doz. Other bargains in stock.—Wolfson, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. R., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

SUMMER WEAR.—Drapery Remnants and Cut lengths. Voiles, Art. Silks and Fancies. Patterns Free. Wholesale only.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Accrington.

TO MARKETMEN, Shopkeepers, etc.—Drapery, 60 kinds of good clean Remnants, Ladies', Gent.'s, and Children's Underwear, Overalls, Hosiery, Piece Goods, Bedding, &c. Also exceptional choice in Ladies', Gent.'s and Children's Raincoats. Best qualities, low prices. No rubbish. Send to-day for our new free list. H. Southwell, Halifax Rd., Todmorden.

WHOLESALE Drapery.—Remnants and Art. Silk Hosiery. List free.—McLoughlin, Ltd., Dept. B., 15, George Street, Manchester.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay, patterns and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AREAS available in all districts for Exp. Salesmen £7-£14 weekly can be earned.—Write Stanley's, Warton Road, London, E.16.

EARN GOOD MONEY in your spare time.—Agents wanted to form 1s. weekly clubs for every kind of Household Goods, Clothing, Boots etc., etc.; no outlay, no expense. Wonderful bargains on easy terms. Splendid Cash Commission. Send for particulars and you will be delighted with the result.—The NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES, LTD. (Dept. A.), Pollard Street, Ancoats, Manchester.

A BUSINESS of your own! John Noble's want Organisers of 1/- weekly clubs in all districts. Big com. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Send P.C. NOW for catalogues and full partics. John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A7), Manchester.

XMAS Club Agents wtd.: Chocolate, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods; highest comm.; suite of furniture free. Catalogues, etc., from Club Supplies, Ltd., 1, Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, London.

XMAS CLUBS.—AGENTS WANTED, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, Fancy Goods, Bedding, Jewellery, Novelties. Highest Cash Commission. Illustrated Booklet. Price Lists, full particulars, G. W. Watson, Dept. A., Chocolate Box, Lands Lane, Leeds.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED.—Chocolates, Toys, Drapery, etc. Highest commission. Write for cata ogue and self-filling fountain pen FREE.—GILSTON (1:2), Summerville, Bradford.

A SENSATION in Commission. Free Gifts. Agents wanted. Xmas Clubs, Toys. Enterprise Confectionery Co., Thornton Road, Bradford.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS.—Highest cash comm., also Cash Bonuses all agents. Catalogues free. BRITAIN'S LARGEST CLUB SPECIALISTS.—Morris Bros., 21, Clifton St., Bradford.

AMAZING COMMISSION. — Agents wanted. Xmas Chocolate Clubs, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc. 108-page Catlg.—Gould, 6, Hartley Hill, Leeds.

XMAS CLUBS.—Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, Fancy Goods. Spare-time Agents wanted. Excellent Commission. Art Catalogue and Particulars Free.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., BURTON ROAD, LEEDS.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED to distribute FREE 1-lb. Boxes Hillaby's Liquorice Allsorts. Highest Commission. P.C. brings Cat. 500 lines. ALL XMAS GOODS. Valuable prizes.—HOPPBRAND, 9, BREARTON STREET, BRADFORD.

XMAS CHOC. CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Good terms. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc. Write now for Art Coloured Cat., MATHERS, Dept. J., 192, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Chocolates and Fancy Goods. 60-page Catalogue Free. QUALITY Guaranteed. Cash Commission.—Johnson's, Ltd., Herbert Avenue, Leicester.

AGENTS wanted for the FAMOUS CARLTON SERIES of Christmas Greeting Cards and Calendars. The Book which is always ahead of all others. Energetic Agents can earn from £1 to £5 per week in spare time.—Address, Treble, 20, Cheapside, Preston.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.—Agents wanted to form clubs for Xmas. No Outlay. Largest Cash Commission. Particulars and Catalogue Free.—Kightly, Bulwell, Nottingham.

CLUB AGENTS.—10s. cheque given to all Applicants for our Free Art Catalogue. Highest Commission yet offered. Thousands Free Gifts. Biggest Cash Prizes and Biggest Free Gift to every Agent. No substitutions guaranteed. No late deliveries.—Midland Confectionery Co., Dept B43, Shipley.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS WANTED to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample Book of Lovely Designs supplied free. Latest in Novelty Cards. HIGHEST COMMISSION. BEAUTIFUL PRIZES.—Apply, G. DENTON & CO., LTD., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

LARGEST Cash Commission. Free presents to every agent, also Gold Watches given, value £4 4s. Xmas Club Agents Wanted.—Dennis & Co., D. E., Colne, Lancs.

BIG PROFITS ASSURED to Agents selling the lovely CASTLE SERIES Book of Exquisite Christmas Cards, etc., including Lucky Monkey Calendar on Wooden Stand, and other delightful Novelties supplied FREE. Wonderful Commissions and Prizes.—Address, Castle Publishing Co., 50, Anchor Court, Preston.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Best Cash Commission, Valuable Prizes Given. Send for Coloured Illustrated Catalogue, post free. All leading makes.—Russell & Co., Dept. B, King-street, Wigan.

XMAS CLUB Agents wntd. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Art Pottery. Best Comm. See unsolicited testimonials. Otd. delivery. Cat. fr. Union Jack Club Co., 1, Plumptree St., Nottingham.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUB.—All leading makes. Genuine Cash commission. Send for Free illustrated catalogue.—United Confectionery Co., 112, Vicar Lane, Leeds.

A.1 AGENTS required for Xmas Cards. 10/- in the £ Comm. with Presents. Sample Book Free. Carriage Paid.—Bradford Publishing Co., Parkgate, Bradford.

CHRISTMAS Card Agents wanted. Famous "Snowball" series introduces something entirely new in Xmas Cards that will put £ £ £s weekly in your pocket. Something that will take the public by storm. Our free sample book ready shortly. Order now.—Minster Press, Preston.

YOU can earn £10 to £20 by running Walker's Reliance Xmas Club for Chocs. and Fancy Goods. Best makes only. Needler's, Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Terry's, etc. Highest comm. Send for Catlg. to 37a, Bowland St., Bradford.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, PHOTOGRAVURES, JEWELLED AND PICTURE CARDS. BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST COMMISSIONS AND PRIZES. WRITE NOW TO STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

CHRISTMAS Club Agents wanted. Beautifully illustrated catalogue and stationery Free. Chocs., toys, cutlery, jewellery, fancy goods, cigs., etc. Good commission, Free gift Scheme. All goods guaranteed. Westminster National Supplies, Ltd., 33, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

£5 EASILY made. Xmas Agents wanted. Chocs., Cigs., etc. Cash Comm. Partics. free.—Walker & Hannam, 303, Bradford.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? Then why not be a Salesman? Suitable men can be trained under Wallace Attwood, by post, in their spare time. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," now earning their £400, £500, and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 36T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

BUY Ladies' Silk Stockings to sell again to friends, etc. Over 50 p.c. profit on our lines. Large cat. & real silk shade card free. Largest, cheapest & best house in trade.—Nicksons, Manufacturers, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph: Chancery 8113.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6, Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Creteway Press, 83, Buxted, Sussex.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades with list of 800 prices sent for 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

FREE! Write for a copy of "THE BAZAAR EXCHANGE & MART" (2d. every Tuesday and Thursday), to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼ lb. 5/6, for Socks, etc. White 3/4, Grey 3/10. Mixtures 4/11 lb., post free. Patts. Woo's, Serges, Tweeds, etc. Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

SHEFFIELD-MADE "Pixie" Razor Blades. 1/- per dozen. Good terms to buying agents.—Dronfield Tool Co., Dronfield, Sheffield.

WALLPAPERS.—Beautiful designs at bargain prices can be seen in our pattern book; by far the largest published. See what you save by purchasing from the original mail order firm. This book is sent Post Free. — Blakey, Morris and Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. J., 32, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

BALLOONS, Carnival Goods, Confetti, etc. Lists free and a sample of the new streamers. —Uneedus, 70-72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

FREE. "John Bull" Readers are invited to send for a copy of the illustrated Ring book offered by Bravingtons, of King's Cross, London, N.1. A free insurance at Lloyds is given with every ring sold for £5 and upwards. Mention "John Bull" when writing for your copy of the illustrated book.

FREE! Three Shavex Super Blades and a Sample Tube of Shavex. Send 6d. stamp together with name and address to Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19.

READERS can obtain a free trial tube of Colgates Ribbon Dental Cream on application to Colgate's, Dept. 10V., Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Rd., S.W.1.

READERS attention is drawn to the remarkable offer of Matron's Frock by Blanfords on page 26. This can be obtained by deposit of 1s. A free catalogue is also offered in the advt.

A GENTS pullover together with a pair of flannel trousers for 19s. 11d. obtainable on first payment of 1s. is offered in the Blanford advt. on page 29. Do not overlook this exceptional bargain.

A FREE cycle catalogue is offered by Mead on page 31.

GUARANTEED WATCH for 1/- down and balance by very easy terms. This is the remarkable offer made in our advt. at the top of page opposite.—Roberts & Co., 37, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

FREE GIFT of Wadded Eiderdown Quilt to every purchaser of our bedding sale. For full particulars see the advertisement of the Standard Sheet Co., on page opposite.

TYRES at half-price! Guaranteed for 2 years and fitted with Unique Puncture Shield. These tyres are fully described on page opposite in the advertisement of Moorhouse.

GOVT. RUCKSACKS for 1/11, made of waterproof Sailcloth, pockets inside and out. Outside flap buttons over.—See advt. at bottom of page opposite. Nuttall & Co., High Road, Goodmayes.

LADIES' MACKS FOR 9/- (usually sold for 16/11). If you want a fashionable mack at a real bargain price, read the advt. of E. A. Denyer & Co., on page opposite.

FLOOR-COVERING.—60 sq. ft. (2 yds. wide), 15/-. Thicker than lino. Damp-proof, rot-proof. No fastening. Exquisite designs. Send for free samples.—J. B. Andrews & Sons, 30, Carter Street, London, S.E.17.

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 30/-. 75 costly home-made garments. Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, 10 Terry Napkins, Vests, 3 Barras, Wool Coats, Nighties, etc. Guaranteed the best. Over 2,000 true testimonials received. Prove the best by sending 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. A Mother with 18 years' experience.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth. (Cash or Terms.)

MUSICAL.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit. 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 151, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES.—Latest Horns and parts. Cat. free. Cash or terms. Build 1931 model for £3. Instructions 3d. J. Burt, 185, High St., S.E.9.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb., 5/-, 12 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA AT WHOLESALE PRICES. SAVE MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS. Indian and Ceylon Blends, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 3/- lb. Carr. paid 4 lb. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send trial order.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stop Smoking Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

CURE YOUR CONSTIPATION, indigestion and kidney complaint Nature's way and save drugs. One cup daily of Scott's Ten o'Clock Tea, made from herbs, cleanses the system and removes suffering. 1/2 post free. Trial packet 4d.—Scott, Chemist, Scarborough.

RANKIN'S Head Ointment is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. 1s. in boxes, 4d. and 8d., or by post 5½d. and 9d.—RANKIN & CO., "G..." KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

CORNS and WARTS cured without fuss or discomfort by CONJUROR, the Scientific treatment, post free 1/3.—Lyon Mfg. Co., All Saints Avenue, Willesden, N.W.10.

ARE you a rupture sufferer. If so turn to the Brooks Rupture Appliance Co.'s free trial offer on the back cover of this issue.

READERS suffering from indigestion and acidity troubles can obtain a free sample of "Eucurated" Magnesia by writing to Dept. K/15, Bismag, Ltd., Braydon Rd., London, N.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE 7/6 NOVELS given to all readers joining within a month. A LIBRARY AT YOUR DOOR. A nine book at a time subscription costs only 3/6 and lasts a lifetime, ex. sums a few pence only. Send p.c. for special introductory offer No. 24.—Postal Library Service, Assington House, New King's Road, S.W.6.

THE Shavex Zee-Kol Co. is offering a free sample tube of Doge Cream, their latest product, to readers sending 2d. stamp for postage and packing. Address, Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. De. 6), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19.

A FREE de Luxe sample outfit of Postal Tekalon will be sent to readers enclosing 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing). Tekalon, Ltd. (Dept. 9/4a), 212, Gt. Portland St., W.1. The offer appears in the advt. on page 29.

SPLENDID free gifts are offered in exchange for coupons from Private Seal Cigarettes. The offer appears on Page 16. Fill in the coupon in the advt. for your free copy of the gift booklet.

£80 198 prize (and other cash prizes amounting to £212) is offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 2. Read the conditions carefully. Readers may send in as many attempts as they like. Note the closing date, Friday, August 8, 1930. Send your entry in now.

CHILDREN'S Holiday Sand Castle Competition. Prizes value £150 are offered in the Suchard Chocolate advt. on page 27.

FILL in the coupon in the Navy Club cigarette advt. on page 27. Enclose an empty carton and receive 25 Free bonus coupons together with particulars how the free wireless set or gramophone can be obtained from collecting the necessary coupons afterwards.

ENTER the free B.P. £2,000 cash prize competition appearing on the front cover. First prize £1,000. A free entry form appears in the advt. Send yours in Now the closing date is Wednesday, August 6, 1930.

If you have not yet tried Shredded Wheat send your name and address to Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Dept. 26, Welwyn Garden City, Herts, for a free trial packet.

WRITE to Spillers Victoria Foods, Ltd., 61, Jacob St., Permondsey, S.E.1, for free entry form of their Dog Food competition in which £500 in cash prizes are offered. Mention John Bull when writing.

THE B.C.G.A., representing the British Gramophone Industry, is at your service for free advice and help on any use of gas. Write mentioning "John Bull," to the Secretary, 28, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

£100 FOR AN ANSWER TO A SIMPLE QUESTION! Great Free Competition open to all.—Cash prizes must be won. Full particulars in Evans' advertisement on page 3.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

£500 REWARD

Spare Time Workers' Opportunity.

The above is the estimated reward which will be shared by persons replying to this advertisement and accepting the Spare-Time Agency for the "SHIELD" CHRISTMAS CLUB.

Sums of £5 to £50 can be easily earned in spare time before Christmas, without any outlay or risk.

The "Shield" Club is the only Christmas Club offering Hire-Purchase Terms.

Our 124-Page Art Catalogue, containing about 2,000 Illustrations of Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Bedding, Cycles, Gramophones, etc., together with particulars, comes to you free on receipt of a postcard addressed to:—

THE "SHIELD" XMAS CLUB, Dept. 52, BRADFORD.

FREE Each Agent will receive a complete Outfit consisting of a Fitted Fibre Writing Case absolutely free of charge.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

I Guarantee your Satisfaction

SHOP BY POST SAVE TIME AND MONEY

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full

READ HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED

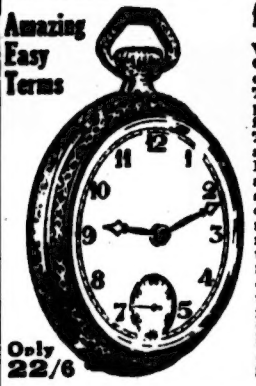
DO YOU WANT A GRAMOPHONE ABSOLUTELY FREE?

Then become one of our **CHOCOLATE CLUB AGENTS.** Write to-day for our 80-page illustrated Catalogue in colour, showing chocolates, toys, fancy goods, books and leather goods. A present for every agent and big prizes for best orders. It's so easy and then you make a nice sum for when it's most needed. WRITE TO-DAY.

LODGE & CO., LTD., (Dept. F), Kirkgate Chambers, **HUDDERSFIELD.**

A GUARANTEED WATCH for 1/- down.

Amazing Easy Terms



Only **22/6**

We give our ten years' written Guarantee with this magnificent **Gent's Pocket Watch.** This splendid offer made possible only by big manufacturing economies. Thousands sold previously at 39/6. Best White Gold non-tarnishable chromium finish, handsomely art engraved, silvered dial, steel pen pointers, time regulations perfectly accurate, not affected by weather variations, exactly as illustrated. Sent to you for 1/- deposit, on receipt of watch 2/-, after that 1/- each week until 22/6 is paid, or if you prefer, cash price 21/-. Unequalled value. Send now to **ROBERTS & Co.** (Dept. A), 37, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILTS FREE

2 Soft Woolly Blankets.
2 Good Strong Sheets.
2 White Lawn Pillow Slips.
1 Fine White Bolster Case.
1 Beautiful Hand-Painted Fawn Bedspread.

Double Bed Size. Made for lasting wear. Complete Bale for

ONLY 20/- Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D.

FREE GIFT

This week we send with each Bale, absolutely free of charge, a Handsome WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILT.

STANDARD SHEET CO., Dept. M.6, 185, Princess Street, Manchester.

Great Half-Price Offer! 1,000 Genuine 16/11 macks for **8/9**

If you want a real bargain, send for one of these high-grade Feather-weight Macks. Made of finest Egyptian Cotton in Raglan Style, as illustrated. Folds very small, won't crack or hole. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof. Just right for Holiday wear. New goods and never made to sell at such a ridiculous figure. Cannot be repeated. Colours: Red, Green, Lt. Blue, Dk. Blue, Wine, Lt. and Dk. Tan, Putty, Biscuit. Sizes: 38 in., 40 in., 42 in., 44 in., 46 in. Please give second choice of colour. G.S. double breasted style 1/- extra. Inspected by representative of JOHN BULL who declared it excellent value for money. Also children's (21 in. 33 in.) 6/9. (Post 6d.) Send now—you'll be delighted.

Post 6d. extra.

E. A. DEAKER & CO., 22, STAMFORD HILL, LONDON, N.16.

GREAT REALIZATION SALE!

LOVELY FROCKS IN GOOD QUALITY ART SILK.

Each only **3/11** Post Pkg. 6d.

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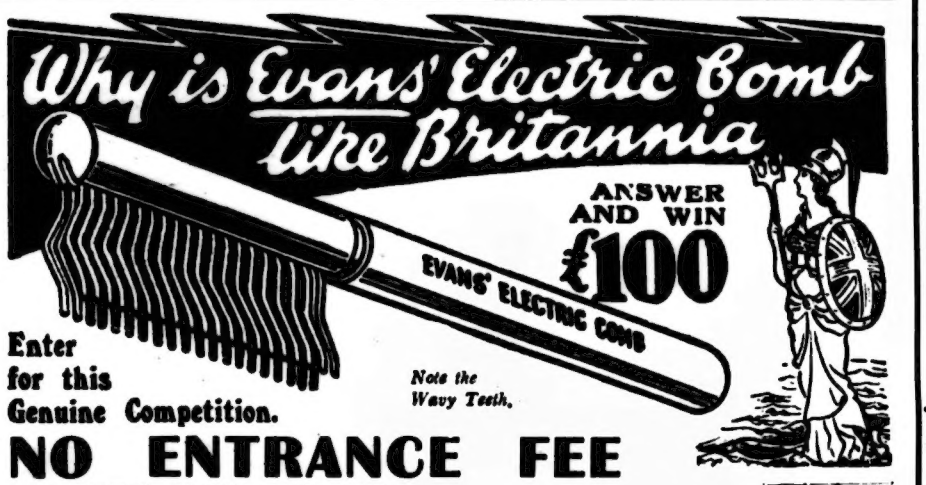

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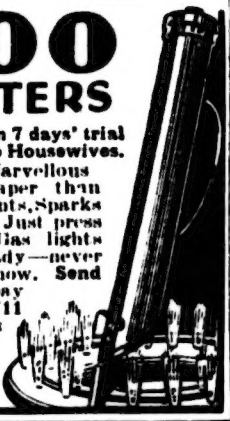

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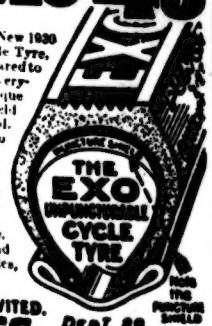

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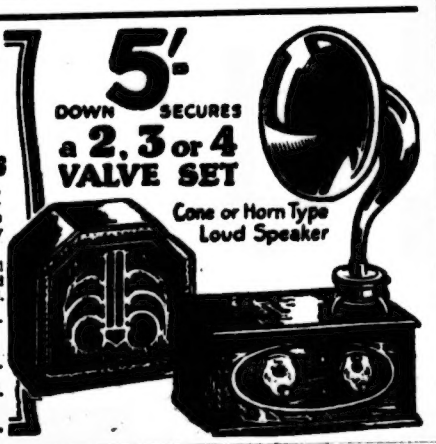

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Aug. 2, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

T is an open secret that the City is suffering less from industrial conditions than its own paltry and unpatriotic cowardice.

Great sums of money are still being withdrawn from Britain for investment in the United States. One leading stockbroker here has recently advised £7,000,000 for his clients in American securities.

* * *

In the ordinary way this huge sum would have found fields for investment at home and helped to support a depressed market.

The City won a great reputation for patriotism and courage in the war. It is rapidly losing it.

New Bishop of London?

There are strong rumours current in responsible Church circles that the resignation of the Bishop of London may be expected shortly.

In this event it will probably be found that his successor will be a comparatively young man who is popular in all branches of the clergy.

The position in the London diocese has been causing grave concern to Church authorities, mainly owing to the independent attitude adopted by the High Churchmen.

Heart to heart

The Labour Party's annual conference at Llandudno in October promises much excitement.

There will be vigorous criticism of the Government, particularly on unemployment. Resolutions have been sent in from over forty branches on this subject alone.

Mr MacDonald will be put on the defensive also over his alleged failure to abide by Party decisions and his Cabinet-making.

In fact, if the Prime Minister decides that the air of Llandudno doesn't agree with him and stays at home, we shan't blame him.

Air-crash "hush-hush"

The Meopham air tragedy was the most serious blow to civil aviation since the war. The effect of the crash on the well-to-do classes, the backbone of civil flying, was profound.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Investigation Committee of the Air Ministry, existing for the purpose of discovering the technical cause of all serious crashes, could enlighten us with regard to this and the previous air tragedy in Kent.

But the result of its enquiries is not to be published.

The taxpayer foots the bill for such investigations. He is entitled to the truth.

Serious

The threat of the Empire Crusaders and United Empire Party to place their own candidates in the field at the next General Election is serious.

Widespread negotiations are taking place to discover suitable candidates. We do not be surprised if many well-known business men are found in their ranks.

The idea is to fight a hundred seats in the South of England, those behind the scenes believing that the Press

The Cowards with the Cash

A Peppering for the Premier

Seven Saddest Men

backing is overwhelming in this area. The North will be left severely alone.

The official Tory machine is powerless to prevent the invasion.

The unpublic house

Temperance fanatics can no longer accuse the House of Commons of being a "glorified pub." without closing hours, where Members spend their time imbibing.

Figures given by Mr. Joseph Compton, "Minister of the Interior," prove that the average weekly amount spent on drinks of all kinds, including teetotal beverages, is only 10s. a Member.

And that figure includes money spent on the inevitable entertaining of guests.

Gives the lie to Pussyfoot

Moreover, the drink bill has gone down by nearly 30 per cent. during the last five years.

So that's that, Mr. Pussyfoot.

Papa Britain

The protection of foreign settlements rather than our own nationals in Egypt provides the most serious aspect of the present troubles there.

It is not generally known that British settlers in Egypt number only 24,000, as compared with 40,000 Italians and 56,000 Greeks.

France has close on 22,000 nationals and every other European country has some representation.

If a flying brick should hit any of these Europeans strident attacks will be made on our administration. Already the Paris Press is highly critical.

Britain seems to be everybody's papa!

Hoarding—for what?

France continues to pursue her policy of accumulating gold from all parts of the world.

What is her motive for the creation of this colossal bullion reserve? There is naturally a suspicion that she wants it for another war chest.

If this is denied, an official explanation by the French Premier would make interesting reading.

Big dope scandal

There is a big flaw somewhere in the League of Nations organisation for the control of the dope traffic.

Otherwise it would be impossible for a cargo of 250,000 lb. of opium to be loaded on the Persian coast and carried safely across thousands of leagues of sea to China.

This immense consignment of dope, the existence of which was known to our Foreign Office months ago, has now been delivered to Chinese bandits near the mouth of the Yangtse River.

The International Bureau for the Control of Illicit Drugs, in Geneva, is costing this country thousands of pounds a year Is it worth it?

The unlucky seven

Among Mr. Baldwin's followers are seven sadly disappointed men. They are all ex-Ministers, defeated at the last General Election, who have not made their expected return to the House *vid* by-elections.

The names of the unlucky seven are: Mr. Duff Cooper, Sir William Cope, Col. Headlam, Sir Vivian Henderson, Sir Thomas Inskip, Mr. H. G. Williams and Mr. W. G. Normand.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland is the only defeated ex-Minister who has managed to regain his seat. Some of the others have sought adoption at by-elections, but their services have been tactfully declined.

It looks now as if the disappointed seven will have to await a General Election for their luck to change.

Russia knows

Russia has purchased in various British markets during recent weeks 5,000 mares and sires in an effort to revitalise its native strain of horse.

So serious and of such importance was the question that the Soviet Government was determined to get the best that money could buy.

That the purchase was made in Britain is a signal tribute to our breeders.

Between the lines

Sanction to borrow large sums of money for the establishment of ultra-violet-ray clinics is being granted liberally by the Ministry of Health.

Will he tell us the truth?

Such action is a nasty slap at the notorious report of the Medical Research Council, which asserted that sun-ray treatment was no better than a mustard-plaster.

It was rumoured, and with good reason, that the report was not in accordance with the views of several prominent members of the council, and was, in fact, issued without their consent.

What has the chairman, Sir Walter Fletcher, to say about that?

The Church's remedy

The *Guardian*, the official mouthpiece of the Church of England, has found a remedy for unemployment. "What is wanted is a general reduction in wages and salaries," it says.

To back up this piece of miserable defeatism, it states that "in the last ten years the cost of living has fallen by one-fifth, while wages have remained stationary or moved upwards."

This is further evidence of the Church's ignorance of industrial questions.

The wages of thousands of workers are regulated by cost-of-living figures, and they have suffered many drastic cuts, many far from just.

Have the Archbishops and Bishops suffered such cuts in their emoluments?

Toasting Sir Thomas

Thousands of Americans will toast Sir Thomas Lipton in his own tea before the race for that "illusive old mug."

It is not generally realised that although Sir Thomas has now no active connection with the British firm bearing his name, he retains a powerful interest in the U.S. end.

It was the great yachtsman who was responsible for popularising the tea-packet in the States, and many of his grateful tea-pot friends will wish the *Shamrock* well.

Hard facts

British railways will not use steel sleepers of home manufacture.

Instead, they import four and a half million wooden sleepers for their annual renewals.

Of the Government's grant of £30,000,000 for rail improvements only £225,000 is being spent on steel sleepers. Of 50,000 miles of track only 150 miles are laid with them.

In price the steel sleeper is within 1s. 3d. of its wooden brother. Only £281,000 would be added to a four and a half million order.

How much less than the dole paid to the unhappy ten thousands unemployed and their dependents?

Swindling lawyers

Whenever exposing dishonest solicitors we have vigorously demanded that their victims should be compensated.

A proposal has now been made that the Law Society should establish a fund for the purpose of "making such grants as may be deemed necessary and desirable to relieve persons who suffer hardship through defaulting solicitors."

This, though commendable, is not enough. What is required is a definite scheme of fidelity assurance whereby victims would receive a return in full of their losses.

The Atlantic stakes

There is a pause in the race to build the "world's largest and fastest" liners. America particularly is playing a waiting game.

The calculations of foreign experts have been upset by the *Mauretania* making eighteen successive voyages at an average speed of 25 knots.

* * *

Her twenty-one-year-old engines weigh 2,000 tons more than those of the *Bremen* and the *Europa*, and, given the same weight of machinery, the old Cunarder would still have held the blue riband against all comers.

A certain official of the Cunard Company was called to London a few days ago, and it is not impossible that the Tyne will get an order for a second *Mauretania*.

Killing enterprise

Wolverhampton Flying School proposes to build an aerodrome on a site at Blackhalve Farm, Wednesfield.

Mustn't leave this in the air

The Central Electricity Board proposes to run an overhead cable across the same site.

Already three dangerous accidents to aircraft have been caused by similar cables, and the people behind the Wolverhampton Aerodrome project will be forced to abandon it should the Electricity Board have its way.

There are alternative routes for the cable, but no alternative site for the aerodrome.

The Minister of Transport must prevent the nearly all-powerful Electricity Board from strangling this important aviation development.

Tale of two contracts

Two Tyne firms are left as competitors for the big New Zealand dry-dock contract. It will be built either at Walker or Wallsend, and will provide considerable winter work.

Not so satisfactory is the news concerning another New Zealand contract in connection with a huge hydro-electric scheme, which is held up owing to the difference between British and Continental prices.

New Zealand, it is to be hoped, will think twice. "British and best" pays in the end.

"Pint," please!

More than once we have emphatically denounced the growing practice in many public-houses of serving beer in "scant" glasses.

Councillor Wilson, of Sunderland, now tells the Licensing Commission that the beer trade on the North-East Coast made an extra £3 14s. 8d. per hogshead by this shabby system, representing an additional profit of £2,500,000.

We can go further and tell the commission that the practice is now just as prevalent in the South as the North. Many publicans openly display notices that only glasses are served.

Beer is expensive enough without this piracy. The moral is: When you want an honest pint go where you can get it.

Automatic

For two years the bucket-shop men have been enriching themselves by floating automatic machine companies at the expense of the public.

A fleet of such concerns is now on the rocks and everyone concerned with them—except those who launched them—is financially marooned.

With colossal impudence the sharks have now devised a scheme to merge the derelicts in a new company, and

"IF YOU SEE IT—"

(Continued)

within the next few days possible investors will be inundated with colourful details.

As usual, the Board of Trade will do nothing.

Monumental Nelson

Nelson will have to change its name if its present mayor and council continue in power. The continual allusion to such a belligerent person as the late Admiral must annoy them greatly.

For, look you! The Parks Committee has just forbidden, by 9 votes to 7, band performances by the Inniskilling Fusiliers in the public parks.

And why, do you think? Because the sight of the uniforms and the sound of martial music might send a helter-skelter rush of young men to the recruiting-office!

When the mayor banned the National Anthem we thought him disloyal. But this is drivelling idiocy.

Exploit the canals

The proposed development of the canal between London and Birmingham will permit of larger vessels using water transport over a distance of 240 miles.

A step in the right direction, but insignificant compared with what might and ought to be done.

On the Continent motor barges carry up to 2,000 tons over huge distances. By cheap water transport foreign nationals are even better able to compete with Britain in overseas markets.

The dock disgrace

A really worth-while enquiry is the Departmental Committee established to investigate whether steps cannot be taken to abolish casual dock-labour.

The Transport Workers Union is not letting slip this opportunity of launching yet another attack on the degrading system, and a memorandum to be submitted to the committee will be found to contain many sound, constructive suggestions.

A plea for parrots

The Ministry of Health is being asked to justify its continued prohibition of the import of parrots.

Will Mr. Greenwood reconsider?

The ban has had a serious effect not only on the bird trade, but on the auxiliary trades of cage-making, the making of cage utensils, sale of seed and other factors. Considerable unemployment has been created.

The trade contends that there is no scientific proof that the "psittacosis" germ has been found in this country, either in parrot or human being, and that those in the business itself have certainly never contracted it.

A reconsideration of the regulation seems to be justified.

Slums of steel

Tuberculosis in the Navy continues to be responsible for the "invaliding out" of a steady number of ratings every year.

The findings of the Joint Medical Services Committee of 1928 and our own investigations point to stuffy quarters as the cause.

Far from attempting any amelioration, the Admiralty now makes a specious defence of these foul conditions.

* * *

It announces that "the incidence of tuberculosis among stokers is not more serious than throughout the Navy as a whole, and it is not considered to compare unfavourably with our big cities."

Is it the Admiralty's boast that its most modern ships are provided with crew's quarters which compare "not unfavourably" with our oldest slums?

Doctors' dodges

There is something radically amiss in the treatment of panel patients at Sheffield.

Two doctors were discovered to have signed certificates a week in advance, declaring patients recovered, fit for work and "off the panel."

Both physicians were fined five guineas by the Insurance Committee for their breach of duty.

In another case a medical man was found giving prescriptions to be taken to the chemist, when he had already been paid for providing all the medicine required.

Sheffield should end this shabby business.

Sweets of officiousness

Llanfairfechan has decided to get into the news. For years cafés and confectionery-shops have been open there on Sundays. No complaint has been made by the police.

New ventures have been launched in the belief that they would be able to do Sunday trading during the season, which lasts only six weeks.

Now the police have dug up a law in terms of which the sale, even of sweets, on Sunday is illegal. Fun has begun.

What a silly game! There must be a shortage of crime in Llanfairfechan.

Agog over "Gog"

Gog, a War Department lighter on the river Thames, accidentally dropped a 12-in. naval gun overboard. The War Department soon tired of salvage attempts and the gun was abandoned.

The Port of London Authority, however, is obliged to remove obstructions from the river, and did this job.

Now the War Office refuses to make any contribution to the expenses incurred, although the Port Authority would have had the right to recover the whole of the cost involved if a private citizen had been the cause of it.

A crime

It is disgraceful that roadmen employed by the Herefordshire County Council should be paid such a miserable wage as 31s. 6d. Until now they have been paid 30s.

Their union asked for a 10s advance and payment for all Bank Holidays. They get instead this beggarly 1s 6d and no additional holiday pay.

Herefordshire is becoming a by-word. Even little Breconshire is able to increase roadmen's wages up to £2 5s. in agricultural and £2 10s in industrial areas. But Herefordshire goes on sweating its workers.

A man with a family cannot live on the money. It's death and damnation.

Dressing them down

West End dressmakers have called the bluff of "Society" ladies who order dresses and cloaks on approval, wear them for a night, and return them.

Cases have occurred where dressmakers have actually seen creations being worn at social functions which have come back next day as "unsuitable."

Reputable firms should exchange the names of suspects, and thus end the dishonest use of finery for which there is no intention to pay.

Well done

A system of registration for Arab and Somali sailors has just taken effect, thanks to the efforts of the Seamen's Union.

It will do much to sweep away the smuggling of undesirables into home ports without alien permits, and the resultant bribery by lodging-house keepers.

JOHN BULL has frequently exposed this scandal of human imports, and the union, in conjunction with the Shipping Federation and the Board of Trade, is to be congratulated on a useful piece of work.

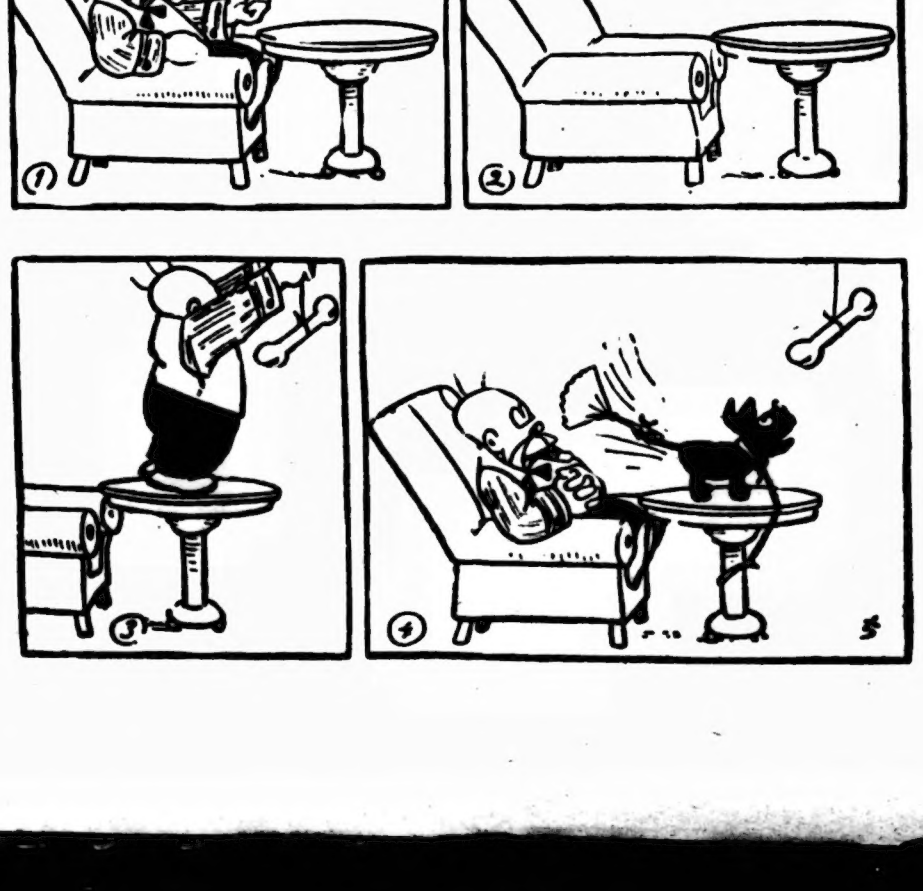
Seven years

Some people *like* the sack.

A few days ago, when a big financial deal between two important companies was announced, a clause in the agreement was that a director who had resigned in order to expedite the deal should receive seven years' fees for loss of office.

Millions of workers would be glad to be sure of a month's notice.

ADAMSON— —Keeps cool



MODERN MORALS

by H. G. WELLS

" We have written truth and freedom in the place of faith "

THERE have been immense changes in people's ideas of conduct during the past half-century and almost all these changes have been releases. " Thou shalt not " has ceased to be the prescription for a respectable moral life.

What indeed is the current prescription for respectable moral life? What is the nature of the indisputably wide difference between the behaviour of people now and the behaviour of people fifty years ago?

I doubt if it is an altogether simple difference. But I think there is one main cause for it so plain that it completely overshadows the others. It is the destruction of the arbitrary imperatives which once sustained the moral code that is now in collapse.

The unknown

AS late as fifty years ago human society was still permeated by the fear of the unknown, a religious dread of consequences, clear and definite in the case of the pious, but affecting even the sceptic through his isolation and lack of moral support.

The front of authority was unbroken. Doubt got no countenance and questions were never answered because it was sinful even to ask them.

In the code of morals that prevailed at that time, the broad, gentle and exalted sentiments of the New Testament were little more than a gracious adornment for the explicit severities of the Old.

This former code, deriving from conditions of life profoundly different from our own, laid great stress on punctual religious observances and the restriction of the sexual life to certain sanctioned channels.

Beyond that it was amazingly defective. It did not enforce truthfulness, much less frankness; it was silent or ambiguous about industry, social service, and the proper uses of property, and it evaded political responsibility. But it was savagely hostile to two things, lack of faith and lack of chastity.

And it is well to be clear about the real meaning of chastity—because it is too often assumed that it is a very mystical and beautiful quality in sexual conduct. It has never really worked out in practice as anything of the sort.

It has meant simply restraint from any physical expression of love unless the permission of a minister of religion or of a registrar duly appointed for the purpose of making acts of love chaste in a regular and orderly manner had been obtained.

Chastity was essentially subordination of the sexual impulse to the religious organisation. And the religious organisation, for reasons into which we cannot enter now, has always stressed sexual restraint and limitation, and has generally been disposed to insist that complete sexual abstinence is the perfection of self-submission and therefore the highest form of chastity.

Lost faith

WITHIN a lifetime this intense and narrow canalisation of the innate moral impulse in man into orthodoxy and chastity has completely broken down.

Faith was the first thing to go, and chastity, its associate, has followed. Faith has gone because the old story of the world, the explanation of the nature and causes of things propounded by the religious organisations, has undergone profoundly destructive criticism.

A great accumulation of scientific conviction has arisen in complete discord with its statements. The old story has been not so much controverted as quietly put in the wrong.

It has become difficult to believe, and the religious organisations have been unable either to substantiate it or to accommodate it to the new realisations of science and critical thought.

And so, following a generation which lost its faith, slowly and reluctantly indeed, but conclusively, we are now confronted by a new generation which finds no value in faith and no virtue in chastity.

This is not a loss of morality, but a shifting of the moral standards. To be a social animal is to be a moral animal, and these " emancipated " human beings are still under an inherent and ineradicable necessity to keep standards and respect obligations.

The very decay of " faith " is due to a profounder virtue—the disposition and the courage to seek and find the truth. And the first main difference in the conduct of people to-day, as compared with that of their grandparents, is their enormously greater sincerity, directness, frankness and breadth of thought and talk and discussion. They are not afraid.

Drunk on patriotism

READ the novels of our grandparents, the old newspapers of that time, *Punch* especially, and everything that reveals mental attitudes, and you will realise that to go back to 1870 would be to go back to a blinkered, narrow way of living insufferable to anyone born in this century.

We have written truth and freedom in the place of faith, and health and cleanliness in the place of chastity. For the " Thou shalt not " and " Thou shalt " of the old, now bankrupt theology the new way of thinking has substituted " Why should you not? " and " Why should you? " and follows up its questions relentlessly.

The consequences of this great jail delivery of minds go far beyond the range of those sexual matters upon which the older morality was concentrated with such morbid intensity.

Released from these pre-occupations, the new generation awakens to social and political responsibilities, and finds itself in a world hideous with justified war and crazy with economic delusions.

It discovers that smug acquiescence is a sort of self-pollution, and that unrestrained acquisitiveness is a monstrously more harmful vice than the excessive or perverse indulgence of a sexual appetite.

Furtive motives are uglier than physical lusts. Mental drugs do more harm to your being than bodily ones. A man has less right to get drunken upon vulgar patriotism than on raw spirits, and a shabby profit is worse to snatch than a dirty pleasure.

These are propositions to outrage every sensibility of the old-fashioned respectable, who believed they could purchase the right to be unrestrainedly mean, timid, self-seeking, competitive and malicious at the price of a little dirty continence and much silence and concealment about sexual things.

In the excitement of its revolt against the purely repressive moral teaching of the orthodox age, the new generation may have been disposed at first to rejoice too loudly and indulge too freely in crude and extravagant freedoms. The reaction from prim conformity has had a noisy and harsh phase. Gouty toes have suffered.

And it was in the nature of things that the first releases of the young should manifest themselves in wild experimental drinking and unrestrained sexual freedoms and the like disconcerting dissipation.

It is nothing to be alarmed about. The natural desire to be " fit," the natural preference for lovely and orderly forms of freedom, the innate gravity of love, may be trusted to clean up all that.

The indifference of the young to social obligations and political interests is, I am convinced, an appearance and not a reality.

They do not interest themselves in Parliamentary institutions and the traditional humbug of this Party or that Party and its Great Leader any more than they wear crinolines, ringlets, side whiskers and peg-top trousers.

Youth's quest

FOR them, at any rate, Mr. Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln are dead and buried. They wish their degenerate imitators were dead too.

To them Parliament is not so much an " arena " as an enclosure of noxious bores. In vain is the Party net spread in the sight of the young. They would as soon discuss that reform of the Prayer Book which occupies the minds of the aged.

The young seek new forms of expression. They want particularly to learn about money and credit, and about the brutality and stupidity of war.

They are questioning and ransacking the tawdry old patriotisms, the fever rags of false loyalties, and the pretentious economic concealments which threaten their lives, even more vigorously than our generation questioned the validity of the ancient tabooes and superstitions that cramped and crippled our dreams and desires.

And then they will ask what they ought to do about it all. Their answer will be the backbone of the new morality.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

SHE Swoops TO CONQUER

Sack the Miners' Enemy—Medicine for a Doctor Night-Club "Can't" and Cant

Miss AMY JOHNSON,
Croydon Aerodrome

DEAR LADY,—At long last I am able to bid you welcome home to England. The world has rung its plaudits for your marvellous courage, skill and endurance.

But what I like as much is that your epic triumph and the way it has been acclaimed have not spoiled you in the least. You return, as you left us on your lonely flight, a simple, happy, English girl.

I suppose you know that you have put our national stock up a few points. And that will please you more than anything else.

JOHN BULL.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
Buckingham Palace, London, S.W.

YOUR MAJESTY,—I read with keen interest your speech to the delegates at the Lambeth Conference, and I applaud your wish—you are bold enough to call it your earnest hope—that the rents in the fabric of the Church may be healed and Christendom reunited.

But, Sir, I doubt its possibility—anyhow, in our time.

A reunited Christendom would be the best of all Leagues of Nations. But the fierce fight over the Prayer-book shows how large the rent is, even in the Church of England.

And between that Church and Rome there is a gap without a bridge.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. B. LEES SMITH, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.—There have been two recent cases in the courts which reflect badly on your department.

At Kingston a young postman was given three months' hard labour for stealing postal-packets. His wages were 34s. a week.

At Greenwich another postman was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for a similar offence. His wage of 31s. 2d. was described by Mr. Metcalfe, the magistrate, as a "positive outrage."

If you have no pity for the postman, at least have a little consideration for the public, who, under such conditions, can no longer trust the inviolability of His Majesty's mails.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Public Health Comm't ee, L.C.C.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—There is a tenderness about a recent decision of your committee which will awaken a response in the hearts of all lovers of little children.

In future, foundlings who come into its care are not only to be given suitable Christian names and surnames at baptism, but will also be allowed recognised birthdays.

Thus they need no longer suffer the bitter disappointment that has hitherto been the lot of such pathetic jetsam of humanity.

JOHN BULL.

H.M. the KING OF ITALY,
Rome

YOUR MAJESTY,—On behalf of my wide circle of readers, I beg to tender you my deep-felt sympathy for you and your people, overwhelmed as you are by the tragedy of the great earthquake.

We have had our own buffet from the elements, but the story of the Yorkshire cloudburst pales to insignificance before the wholesale slaughter of your people.

The terror of that dreadful night we in England can only guess at. But my heart bleeds for the distracted and sorrowing relatives who are left alive.

JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNT D'ABERNON,
12, Arlington Street, London, S.W.

DEAR LORD D'ABERNON,—I fear your continued hope and belief in the eventual concoction of some preferable substitute for wine and beer are doomed to everlasting disappointment.

Those who use and do not abuse alcoholic refreshment have no desire whatever for anything better, so that the vast fortune which you say would reward the inventor of an alternative drink is entirely illusory.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LASKI,
Manchester City Court

DEAR MAGISTRATE,—Your reprimand of Dr. J. N. Laing, police doctor, who refused to go to the police-station to examine a man accused of being drunk and disorderly and of assault was well-deserved.

And I liked your statement that a moneyless man is still entitled to justice.

But isn't the real remedy to leave the word "drunk" out of the charge-sheets? Drunkenness in itself is not a crime. It is the disorder that is punishable.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. RAYMOND STREAT,
Manchester Chamber of Commerce

DEAR SIR,—Your chamber's scheme for training boys for business careers appears to me to be a very sound one.

Your members have guaranteed employment to selected lads who undergo an approved course of training for two years at the Municipal High School of Commerce.

In this way you should be able to counteract to some extent the disappointing effects of the blindfold system of education which teaches a little about everything and nothing much about anything.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. C. WALLHEAD, M.P.,
House of Commons, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I think that you and the sixty-two other Labour Members who voted with you were quite justified in opposing tooth and nail the reappointment of Lord Hunsdon to the Public Works Loan Board.

A man so fanatical that he has said that locked-out miners were enemies and should not be fed has no right to exercise a public function.

The Government should not be generous to its enemies at the expense of its friends.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD HUGH CECIL,
21, Arlington Street, London, S.W.

DEAR LORD HUGH,—I liked your outspoken remarks on the folly of trying to suppress night-clubs.

As you say, if people want to drink champagne at two o'clock in the morning, why shouldn't they?

As a matter of fact, if they were allowed to, they wouldn't want to.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. EARL BEAUCHAMP,
Chancellor, University of London

MY LORD,—The recommendation that a capital grant of £400,000 should be paid by the London County Council to the University of London is a well-deserved recognition of what is, in many respects, the most wonderful educational institution on the face of the globe.

In less than a hundred years since its establishment it has achieved a greatness commensurate with the growth of the Empire during the same period, until now its degrees in all faculties are acknowledged throughout the world as the highest qualification attainable.

Londoners may well be proud of their city as a seat of learning surpassing ancient Rome or Athens.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR: "I do not believe that childhood is the happiest period of one's life."

But it is up to us to make our children believe it.

* * *

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND: "If a soldier had only common-sense he would stay comfortably at home."

If politicians only had common sense he could.

* * *

PROF. J. DALTON: "Where the benefits of not working approach the benefits of working, then the love of work is reduced to zero."

There are still labours of love that seek no reward.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Chairman of the Dress Reform Party, confesses he had—

The Wind Up His Shorts

WHEN I first put this uniform on,
I said as I looked in the glass:
"A man with a 'figure,'
And calves a bit bigger,
Would enter the beauty - mime class
If only this costume he'd don."

Though I felt a bit bare in the knees,
I said: "It is all for the cause!
If we and the weather
Could but pull together
I'd go forth and win loud applause—
And worshipping looks from the shes!"

'Twas not that I feared the mob's scoff;
But I looked at the landscape outside!
'Twas so uninviting.
The wind was so biting.
At home I resolved to abide—
And I then took this uniform off!

It is all very well to suggest that the Men's Dress Reform Party, of which I have the honour to be chairman, has insufficient pluck. The real trouble is that we have insufficient luck.

When we selected an evening in July for our great Hyde Park demonstration of the beauties of bare knees and open collars, we reckoned on a little warmth to help us through our pioneer effort.

We were prepared for the jeers of the multitude and for vulgar suggestions to the effect that our discarded unmentionables had found a temporary resting-place in an adjacent pawnshop.

But we certainly were not prepared for a ration of December weather in the middle of what is alleged to be summer.

This is why, although we have a membership of 3,500, only nine dress reformers—of whom, I confess, I was not one—put in an appearance. In the circumstances, the demonstration was not an unqualified success. But this first failure will not deter us.

Man has for too long hidden his light beneath a bushel of superfluous clothing, encircling his neck with a linen noose and concealing his (more or less) fatted calf from the prodigal sun.

We are out to abolish hats and collars, and, although we do not demand a complete divorce from pants, we certainly do ask for a decree knees-high.

I am proud to be chairman of this movement, and, you can take it from me, our campaign has only just begun. Sanity must triumph in the end, and we mean to push on—weather permitting.

Firm in our faith, we can afford to treat with contempt those who seek to discredit the movement by pointing to the apparent reluctance of some of its leaders to appear in public in the costume they advocate.

Although I was not in the Park,
I'm not in fervour lacking.
I do not seek the crowd's applause,
But will continue to the cause
To give my moral backing.

In every army there must be
The men who do the fighting,
And those who from a distant post
Direct the movements of the host—
And find it less exciting.

So when unthinking critics sneer
I will refuse to heed 'em!
The Army of Men's Dress Reform
Convention's citadel will storm—
And (from behind) I'll lead 'em!

A PICK-ME-UP for PARLIAMENT

by A. G. GARDINER

The nation's troubles must take care of themselves when Parliament makes holiday

Inset: Mr. Ramsay Muir, whose book, "How Britain is Governed," seeks to prove the futility of our present system

MR MACDONALD has reached the Parliamentary recess without disaster, and for two or three months the voices of Westminster are stilled and its halls will be peopled only with innocent tourists from afar.

But if Mr. MacDonald and his Government have survived, they have not survived unharmed, and no one would predict a long or happy future for them.

Their troubles arise less from the enemy that faces them than from the insurgents behind them, who are angry that the Labour Government has not brought a new heaven and a new earth into being and are ready to scrap the Parliamentary machine as obsolete.

Even Mrs. Sidney Webb has been broadcasting a passionate plea for a new machine of government.

Bad alternatives

She does not, of course, want to scrap the Parliamentary system, for she knows that the only alternatives to that system are the tyranny of Sovietism on the one hand or the tyranny of Fascism on the other.

And this country would tolerate neither for a week.

But she thinks that Parliament to-day is a lumbering old 'bus that is out of date in the modern world, and she wants a brand-new vehicle.

The Commons and Cabinet are to be left at Westminster to control external affairs and affairs of sovereignty, but all domestic government is to devolve upon new National Assemblies for England, Scotland and Wales, elected every three years on the same franchise as the House of Commons.

It is a sort of federal Home Rule system, by which each part of the country would legislate for itself and administer its own affairs, leaving the Central Parliament to deal with the outside world, the problems of the Empire, the Army and Navy, and so on.

There is nothing new in the idea; but I do not think it makes any real popular appeal, and the experience of the United States, whose system of government is on this plan, does not encourage us to adopt it.

We may grouse about our Parliament, but there is no intelligent American who would not exchange his own clumsy system for ours.

And, indeed, with all its faults, I am satisfied that human society in no country has devised a better or a more efficient instrument of government.

There are two complaints commonly urged against it.

The first is that there is too much talk. Well, the business of Parliament is to talk. How else are the merits of a question to be thrashed out?

The only alternative is the way of the dictator, Stalin or Mussolini, who tramples upon Parliament and treats the people as a flock of sheep.

No doubt there is much useless talk; but we must take the bad with the good, and at its best the House of Commons is the finest debating chamber in the world.

Tub-thumpers

I sometimes think that those who sneer most about Parliament are the mere tub-thumpers, who contribute nothing but hot air and are angry when they discover that the House of Commons turns it back on the hot-air merchant.

The second charge made against Parliament is that it is too slow and antiquated in its legislative processes. In some measure this is true, and I shall come back to that point in a moment.

But do not let us run away with the notion that the efficiency of Parliament is to be measured by the amount of new legislation it enacts. We can have too much facile legislation. We have too much already.

As it is, half of the measures that get on to the Statute-book do more harm than good. Many of them are a dead letter, and it would be better for us if many more that are in active operation were a dead letter also.

I can conceive no worse disaster than that we should make the passage of legislation so easy that every half-baked proposal, inspired by the temper of the moment, could be rushed through in a white heat of emotion.

Don't rush

Legislation should be done in cool blood, and the value of Parliament must be reckoned as much by the foolish laws it prevents being made as by the wise laws it does make.

But in saying all this I do not suggest that there is nothing wrong with Parliament and no case for reform. There is a great deal that is wrong.

The Parliamentary machine has not been overhauled for generations. It remains very much what it was a century ago.

In the interval the whole face of society has changed, and the work that devolves upon Parliament has been increased tenfold.

It is obvious that the machine needs modernising to deal with the new conditions. I will take two examples by way of illustration.

It is clear that the old two-Party system has gone, never, I believe, to return. There are nominally now three Parties in the House; actually there are at least six.

Every Party is more or less in disintegration, and the Labour Party is the most disintegrated of all.

Parliament should be elected for a fixed term of years, as in France, and should carry on to the end of its term, no matter what happens to the Government.

If one Government cannot carry on, then another Government must be formed to take over the reins.

The old system worked well enough when Gladstone or Disraeli had a solid and loyal majority behind him.

Absent Members

But no one has a majority behind him to-day, and it is preposterous that Parliament should be dissolved because the leader of one of the fractions of the House cannot carry on.

The life of the Parliament should be independent of the life of the Government.

And procedure needs modernising, too. Twelve days of the past session were devoted wholly to the Committee stage of the Finance Bill. The whole House was supposed to sit as a committee to examine the Bill line by line.

Of course, the whole House did nothing of the sort. Not fifty Members sat; the rest stayed away or were summoned for a critical division.

This is sheer waste of the time of Parliament. We need something like the French system of committees, which should take over the line-by-line examination of Bills and report to the House, leaving the House free to discuss, not legal phraseology, but the principles on which legislation is based.

I have taken these instances to show, not that Parliament is an obsolete institution, but how urgent it is that its methods should be rationalised.

Let Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Lloyd George agree to set up a committee to consider how the machine of Government can be reformed.

A Great Soul

Homely Wisdom —by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had hosts of friends, and I am glad to think he counted me among them, for I esteemed him highly for his personal character as well as for his work.

If I were asked to enumerate his most distinguishing qualities in their due order I should put courage first with kindliness as a close second.

Nothing daunted him. I remember his saying to me once that he enjoyed a fight with the odds against him, and could not endure a placid existence.

He certainly had his wish, for as a young doctor he came pretty close to the margin of starvation for want of money to establish himself in a good practice. It was to obtain bread and butter that he began to write, and his earnings at first were very small.

I gathered from what he told me himself that he did not know he had it in him to make a success with the pen, for, as we all know, he had true genius in this line.

"Life and love go on . . ."

MOST people think of him as the creator of Sherlock Holmes and thereby the inspirer of modern detective fiction, but he was far more than that; in my judgment, he was even greater in the difficult art of making the past live in the present. He could light up the England of old in a good story and make us love it as few historical writers have ever been able to do.

But his compassionateness, his sense of justice, his readiness to champion the cause of any forlorn and unhappy being who appealed to him will live longest in the memory of those who knew him best.

And if the supreme test of a man's worth is what he is like in his own home circle, Conan Doyle ranks high, for a tenderer husband and father never lived, nor one regarded with more loyal affection by those who stood nearest to him.

I went to see him only a few days before his death. He seemed better, but did not expect final recovery, and his words on the subject deserve to be recorded.

"I am quite serene and happy," he said; "quite prepared to go or stay; for I know that life and love go on for ever."

* * *

With this strong confession of faith ringing in my ears, I think of the appropriate farewell of another big soul, W. E. Henley:

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

SULTAN'S WIVES—

Sensational RAMP

ONE of the most romantic share offers ever placed before the British public has been sponsored for some months by a firm known as White, McGregor and Co., Ltd., of Fearon House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

It centres around the picturesque figure of Abd ul-Hamid Han II., the late Sultan of Turkey, who ended his days in captivity at Salonika after a turbulent reign that was marked by endless wars and massacres.

The terms of the offer, as placed before one of our readers, provide interesting reading.

He was first attracted by a circular intimating that White, McGregor and Co., Ltd., had a special project to unfold, and, upon writing for fuller details, was favoured with a letter giving some truly amazing figures.

Splendid prospects

"You will receive under separate cover" the letter ran, "a copy of a newspaper which has a story of a tremendous sum of money, which the Aegean Trust is helping to recover. We have made it possible for you to share in the prospects."

These prospects promised the almost incredible return of £104 on every £5 invested.

The news extract came duly to hand and, read in conjunction with the literature of White, McGregor and Co., definitely implied that the project had indisputable possibilities.

"Ended his days in captivity," Abd-ul-Hamid II.

Our reader read that for years the nine surviving widows of Abd-ul-Hamid II., together with their thirteen children, had been struggling to obtain a share of the £300,000,000 fortune which had been filched from the late Sultan by foreign Powers.

It was stated that when Abd-ul-Hamid was deposed in 1909, his personal fortune of £8,000,000, plus estates in Thessaly, Macedonia, Greece, Syria, Cyprus and Mesopotamia which brought him a revenue of £3,000,000 a year, was confiscated.

His heirs, from that time onward, rigidly protested that the confiscation was illegal, but for years their efforts to secure redress met with no success.

Starvation gradually faced them. Brought up in Eastern luxury in the Sultan's palace, they drifted in their distress to different parts of the world, and for the past twenty years have struggled for existence, some dying in poverty.

Then, five years ago, a ray of hope emerged.

Certain American and English financiers, it was stated, came to the rescue, and had since spent immense sums in searching for records of the Sultan's estates and in collecting necessary title-deeds.

Tempting bait

When our reader saw in print that the Greek Government, which was stated to be the worst offender, had at last recognised the claims of all those heirs in respect of territory valued at £10,000,000, and that the Aegean Trust—which had been formed by the financiers—would receive 35 per cent. of the value of all properties recovered, he decided to purchase some £5 shares at once.

£104 in return for every £5 inves[ted] is certainly tempting; but since [he] parted with his savings, our read[er], being in need of ready money, has [in]structed White, McGregor and C[o.], Ltd., to sell his valuable holdings.

These instructions, however, ha[ve] been repeatedly ignored. Whi[te], McGregor and Company urging him "hang on."

Why, if the shares are so valuab[le] should there be any difficulty in di[s]posing of them?

A study of the origin of the Aege[an] Trust supplies a simple answer.

Dubious shares

It was formed in October, 1927, [to] take over the interests of two priv[ate] concerns—the Anglo-Hellenic Finan[ce] Corporation and the Valideh Trust—which had previously sought to obta[in] the restoration of the £300,000,000.

The £5 shares so generously offer[ed] by White, McGregor and Co. ha[ve] really only a nominal value of 5s., a[nd] are not quoted upon any Sto[ck] Exchange.

The available accounts of the Aege[an] Trust are much more prosaic than t[he] flamboyant literature with which pr[o]spective investors were regaled.

£293,955 has been received by t[he] Trust, mostly in "First Series No[te]s of £100 each," which are repayable [at] par on or before September 1, 1932.

£175,525 of this is shown as havi[ng] gone in the "purchase of interests [in] Valideh Trust and Anglo-Hellen[ic] Finance Corporation."

£56,250 was swallowed up in the di[s]count on issue of the first series not[es].

£31,650 has been advanced to the [...] previous companies and their vend[ors] and office and preliminary expens[es] have accounted for a further £14,000.

In October last, when this balanc[e] sheet was filed, only £16,000 in ca[sh] and securities remained in hand, mu[ch] of which must have since been spent.

The documents on the company file give no indication as to when a[ny] profits will be available.

They certainly afford no justificati[on] for any immediate return of t[he] smallest kind, let alone the fantast[ic] 2,000 per cent. so confidently promis[ed] by White, McGregor and C[o.]

The truth

How is this sorry position to be r[e]conciled with the rosy prospe[cts] painted at the outset?

The truth is that White, McGreg[or] and Co. lent colour to their share off[er] by circulating reprints of a news story, which had no bearing whatev[er] upon the merits or otherwise of a[ny] investment.

It is now only necessary to add th[at] White, McGregor and Co., Ltd., wh[ich] is self-styled as a Financial Advi[sory] Service, has already been frown[ed] upon in reputable financial circl[es] being quite unrecognised by the Sto[ck] Exchange.

All "Special Offers" emanati[ng] from their offices should be regard[ed] with the utmost suspicion by all wh[o] have any respect for their money.

Sob-Stuff SWINDLER

"MURRAY BALDWIN" is the picturesque name adopted by a plausible rogue who is at present operating in the Midlands with remarkable success.

At Derby recently he called upon a man respected for his philanthropy.

He had, he declared, been severely wounded during the war, when serving with the Canadian Forces, and ill-fortune seemed to have dogged him ever since.

He told of a meeting with a company-promoter in a field-hospital, into whose care he had entrusted his savings of £2,000 in the anticipation of making a quick fortune.

The promoter, alas! had proved a rogue, and the Canadian had lost every penny.

All he had now was a pension of £10 a month, and the last payment had somehow miscarried.

Every detail of his story sounded so convincing that the philanthropist did not hesitate to advance several pounds.

Of course, the pathetic figure of "Murray Baldwin" departed from Derby that same day, and he has not been seen in the locality since.

But he has cropped up elsewhere as "Basil Windom" and "St. Clair Bradshaw," repeating absorbing stories of his sufferings at fortune's cruel hands, and extracting cash from listeners wherever he goes.

RECORD FIGURES

"Seaside reports," says a newspaper, "show some interesting figures." Presumably figures on the beach engrossed in their copies of the JOHN BULL Summer Holiday Annual—sixty-eight pages for sixpence. The sales are running into record figures.

Will-o'-the Wisp Wilfred

EVEN in the pages of Edgar Wallace there was never a more elusive crook than one Lawrence Harrison, most audacious of roving confidence-tricksters, who has been leading the police on one wild-goose chase after another up and down the country.

This sinister will-o'-the-wisp descends on a locality, rooks its hotel proprietors and tradespeople, and is gone again with bewildering rapidity.

He has swept through Liverpool, Bolton, Warrington, Southport, Bury, Mansfield, Coventry, Burton, Chesterfield and Leicester, to mention but a few places, carrying all before him—and with him.

He swooped down on Manchester, for instance, posing as the engineering contractor of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., giving the offices of that famous firm as his permanent address.

Selecting a fashionable hotel, he entertained lavishly, and spoke of a huge local contract which he said was being carried out under his control.

His extravagance sent his bill soaring to formidable limits in no time, but before it could be presented he had vanished.

Then came a shoal of complaints from shopkeepers. Right and left, Harrison had induced them to cash cheques that were worthless.

All and sundry had fallen for his delightful personality, convincing manner, and his alleged association with Vickers.

He never wastes a day. As a rest from passing worthless cheques he pilfers the rooms of hotel guests; nor is he averse to a little thieving in the shops he visits.

Harrison is a man of many aliases. He is definitely known to use the names of George Wilfred Turner, James Pearson, Harry Harris, Harrison Pearson and Harry Roberts.

There are warrants out for his arrest in many parts of the country, and even where there are no warrants the police are eagerly searching for the scoundrel.

It is impossible to guess where Harrison will make his next dramatic appearance, so hotel proprietors and tradesmen should be on their guard.

BLUE-EYED CAPTAIN'S WILY SWINDLE

Chief-Constable Carter of Windsor — on the dashing Captain's track

HE calls himself "Captain O. Patrick Macnamara," and the light which twinkles in his seemingly frank, blue eyes has inspired confidence among men and women of all classes, who are the poorer to-day in consequence.

For the captain is a gay adventurer who might have escaped from the pages of fiction, so impudently fantastic are the majority of his coups.

Not long ago he arrived at a Paddington boarding-house, where his social gifts quickly won him the attention of most of his fellow-guests.

He posed there as a costumier, and even offered a £7-a-week post to the wife of a professional man who was staying there.

One day the captain induced a young lady to accompany him to Richmond to join a river-party.

Somehow or other, the remaining members of the "party" could not be found, but the captain proceeded to make up for their absence, and entertained the young lady with all the charm at his command.

He hired a Daimler, took his companion for a drive, entertained her to lunch, and ended by offering to let her have a handsome moleskin coat, which he produced from a suitcase, at an extremely reduced price.

Cheque book, too!

She jumped at the offer, and would have paid cash on the spot, but the captain said that he would prefer a cheque if she had a book with her.

She had, and so a cheque was made out, after which the captain innocently suggested that he should "take care" of her cheque-book until they returned to town.

It was then decided that they should

The blue-eyed "Captain"

dine together in town, so they drove to the Hyde Park Hotel, where the captain left the lady, saying that he must just run over to the Ritz.

A little later a page brought a message asking her to rejoin "Captain Macnamara" at the latter hotel.

She found the Daimler waiting for her, but on arrival at the Ritz nothing could be seen of the dashing captain.

So the lady was left to return to her Paddington boarding-house and to pay for the hire of the Daimler herself.

A further shock awaited her on her return, for she was greeted by a fellow-guest, who claimed the moleskin coat she was wearing as her own.

She had missed it that morning, shortly after the captain's departure for Richmond.

Meanwhile, "Captain Macnamara" still retained his dupe's cheque-book, and was not letting any grass grow under his feet.

He secured new lodgings in West London, and immediately began negotiations for the purchase of two shops.

Then he paid over a cheque from the misappropriated book, receiving several pounds in change. Other cheques were converted into cash in much the same way.

One of "Captain Macnamara's" most impudent coups was perpetrated at a riverside convent, where he called upon the Mother-Superior in the guise of a philanthropist.

Full of ideas

His initial offer to make a contribution to the funds being declined, the captain, insistent upon doing good, suggested that part of the convent-wall should be repaired at his expense.

This kindly suggestion met with approval, so the captain engaged a contractor to carry out the necessary repairs, paid him by cheque, and induced him to cash another at the same time.

Both cheques had been stolen.

This versatile rogue is never lacking in new ideas.

He recently inspected certain club premises in Birmingham which happened to be for sale, and, representing himself as a purchaser, actually paid over a cheque for £6,000, which he signed in the name of "R. L. Scott."

Then he went straight to a local publican, and, introducing himself as the new proprietor of the club in question, placed an order for £100 worth of wines and spirits.

He tendered a cheque for £110 and received £10 in change, afterwards visiting various other tradespeople and imposing upon them in exactly the same manner.

Of course, all his cheques were so much waste-paper, having been stolen from former dupes.

"Captain Macnamara" will go to any amount of trouble in planning a coup so long as he believes the result will prove profitable to himself.

He recently answered an advertisement offering accommodation to a paying guest, made a telephone appointment, and so impressed his hosts that he was entertained to dinner.

During the meal the captain explained that he owned a number of costumier's shops, and the confident manner in which he discoursed on the subject of the latest fashions fully bore out his story.

He declared that he would very much like to come to them as a paying guest, and referred his hosts to two banks for references.

He had planned a motor-trip on the following day, and would be delighted if they would join him.

Clever ruse

His invitation being accepted, he departed with a promise to meet his hosts at a certain hotel next morning.

After they had left to keep the appointment on the following day, the captain drove up to their house in a taxicab, gave the maid a £10 cheque and got rid of her by sending her on an errand, supposedly on behalf of her mistress.

With the house to himself, he then gathered together a number of valuables, and, packing them into suitcases, got his taxi-driver to carry them to the waiting cab.

He then drove blithely away to embark upon fresh escapades.

Thus he goes on, varying his methods daily, and displaying endless resource.

He also varies his names, and has already duped people as "Joseph Lloyd," "Godfrey Knox," "Frank B. Holden" and "Edward Sylvan Davis."

If any of our readers can supply any details bearing upon his present activities we shall be pleased to hear from them.

Rogue's PROPERTY PRINCE

THE other day a smartly-dressed man, who introduced himself as Mr. Kane, called upon a large garage in Guildford and explained that he was an agent for a well-known motor firm with headquarters in Coventry.

He had just been notified, he went on, that the Prince of Siam, who was visiting this country, would shortly be motoring through Guildford, and would break his journey there for certain important adjustments to be made to his car.

It had been left to Mr. Kane to supervise these adjustments, since the car was one manufactured by the famous firm he represented.

The object of his present call upon the local garage was to make preliminary arrangements for the reception of the Prince's car.

He then departed "to snatch a hasty meal," and in his absence the garage proprietor received a telephone call, purporting to emanate from the motoring firm in Coventry.

The official who spoke gave the name of Mercer, and fully confirmed Mr. Kane's story. He asked that every facility should be offered to their representative, expense being no object so long as the Prince was enabled to resume his journey with a minimum of delay.

When Mr. Kane returned he seemed very pleased to hear that his firm had been on the telephone, for he confided that he was really unprepared for the emergency that had arisen and had run himself lamentably short of cash.

So the garage proprietor, anxious to accommodate such a distinguished personage, agreed to advance him £5 10s. until a special remittance wired for came through from Coventry.

Once having received this money, Mr. Kane walked out of the picture; the Prince of Siam never arrived, and enquiry elicited the fact that the supposed 'phone call from Coventry had originated in a call-box in Guildford.

Mr. Kane was, in fact, Mr. Mercer.

Other garage proprietors have been similarly duped in recent weeks, so we trust this warning will put a stop to Mr. Kane's operations.

POSTAL BARGAIN TRAP

PEOPLE in all parts of the country have just been favoured with a letter from "The Fashion House," of 223a, High Street Kensington, offering "unprecedented bargains" in ladies' wear.

As a special inducement to postal clients, gifts of silk stockings were promised to all customers ordering goods to the value of £1 and over.

This offer was said to hold good for only seven days.

We do not know how many people have sent remittances to "London's most popular shopping-centre"; but we are afraid that any who have done so will never see any return for their money.

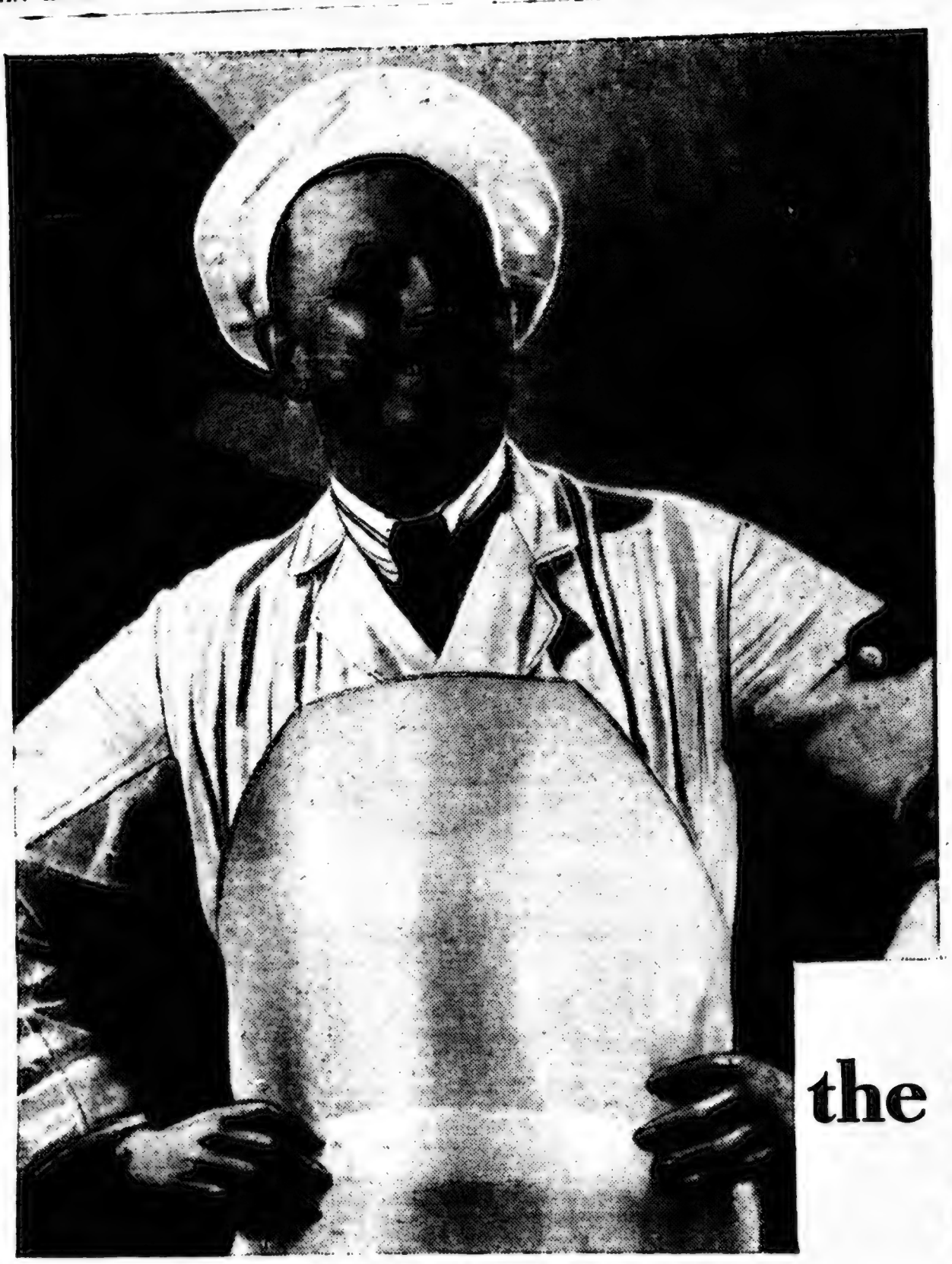
* * *

"The Fashion House" is the business name of a certain L. J. Salter, who established himself in a single room only two weeks ago.

Kensington may undoubtedly be termed a popular shopping-centre; but L. J. Salter will not enjoy any of that popularity, for already people are beginning to enquire for him in vain.

Impudent fee-snatching swindles of this type could not flourish if people would only realise the folly of sending cash in advance to unknown traders.

New Fashions in Fraud



"I am the Chocolate Chef"

"My business is at Bournville with the fresh butter, the full-cream milk, the golden honey and the crisp nuts—all the fine things that go into Cadbury's Chocolates. If I had the gift of words, I might give you an idea of their quality. Shall I say these ingredients are 'the best'? That might sound good enough. But good enough is not good enough for anything to do with Cadburys. Everything must be . . . . . the best. There I go again! If only I could find words as choice as the ingredients themselves, I should be made Poet Laureate."

—and <u>that's</u> why you'll say

'I . . . WANT . . . CADBURY'S'

Impudent HOSPITAL BENEFIT SCHEME

Through the doorway nearest the camera to Richards' "head office"

THE problem of providing medical aid to the working-man and his family is one which is perplexing the keenest brains in the State.

A man named Richards, however, who occupies a few rooms in an alley called Bicknell Place, Stockwell, S.W., is full of ideas on this subject.

Most of them are embodied in a venture run by him called the **Mutual Hospital Help Club**, which collects money from working-men throughout South London.

We have grave doubts as to how "mutual" his club really is.

It came into being a few months ago following Richards' resignation as group secretary of a nationally known association for the benefit of hospitals and the working population.

Actually Richards was asked to resign because dissatisfaction was felt with the methods by which he collected money and with his system of accountancy.

He was, indeed, simultaneously collecting moneys for a private venture of his own called the Working Men's Benefit Club. These benefits ranged from death and sickness payment to charabanc outings.

Public-house agencies

Deputies, whom Richards appointed for 5s. a night, collected contributions for both the association and the benefit club.

The centres were invariably public-houses. A list of them is given in some of Richards' literature, and they read like a guide to the hostelries of South London.

Richards' present venture—the Mutual Hospital Help Club—is an impudent copy of the procedure and privileges of the well-known association from which he had to resign.

The subscriber's card of Richards' club is almost a replica word for word of the association's cards. The most important clause, however—one referring to hospital treatment—is subtly altered in Richards' version.

Obviously, as he has no arrangement with hospitals on the lines of the association, he cannot give his subscribers vouchers for treatment.

He merely states that treatment is obtainable at any hospital, and that he should be seen before an arrangement is made to pay hospital fees.

Presumably his club will refund to the patient any money expended in hospital charges.

Richards, according to his own statements, had three months ago a total capital of about £50.

Armed with this capital, he commenced to collect threepences weekly from people, offering them hospital treatment amongst numerous other benefits.

No hospital can maintain a patient for less than £3 3s. a week.

At this rate, if Richards had a thousand subscribers on his club and four of them went into hospital, the entire contributions for the week would be absorbed.

His Mutual Hospital Help Club is not on the Friendly Societies Register. No patron's name or committee appears on his contributors' cards.

The only name is his own as "District Secretary," with the address of head office as 3, Bricknell Place, Stockwell, his own address.

Apart from his public-house method of collecting subscriptions, his peculiar accountancy, and the fantastic actuarial basis of his benefits, our confidence is shaken still further by one of his recent actions.

A South London woman sent her daughter to him with three months' subscriptions, believing him still to be a collector for the association of which she was a member.

His club trick

He took the money, but instead made out a subscription-card for his own Hospital Club.

She at once sent her daughter back to tell him that she did not want to join his club, and demanding the return of her money and the association's card.

He refused to return the money, the loss of which she could ill afford.

On one of his recent pamphlets a slip reads: "Agents required, all London district, spare time or whole time, expenses and good commission."

Collections are already proceeding nightly on a widespread scale, and intending subscribers should think twice before parting with their money.

Sir Wyndham CHILDS

AN AUDACIOUS *Share Fraud*

AFTER keeping remarkably quiet for a long time, the American share-pushers are beginning to resume their activities in this country, and I already have one case before me in which, unhappily, their efforts have been attended by success.

A Watford woman is the victim, being visited at her house a week or so ago by a man who drove up in a smart, blue saloon-car.

He gave the name of "Mr. Swann," and, by way of credentials, produced a letter purporting to emanate from an investment Trust, of Oxford Street, London, and introducing him as a representative of the Cam and Motor Gold Mining Company, of Old Broad Street, London.

* * *

The woman was a shareholder of the Cam and Motor Company, so she listened with interest when Mr. Swann explained that he was empowered to place before her the privilege of acquiring additional shares on most advantageous terms.

Speaking with a suggestion of first-hand knowledge which inspired confidence, Mr. Swann waxed eloquent in urging the woman to accept this golden opportunity of increasing her holding.

I am very sorry to say that his persuasive powers proved too strong, and the unhappy woman, with no one at hand to advise her, agreed to increase her holding by £125.

Even when Mr. Swann insisted upon immediate payment, his manner was so charming that she made out a cheque on his instructions in favour of a Mr. "J. H. Phillips," without entertaining the slightest suspicion that she was being shamefully swindled.

* * *

It was only when the promised share-certificates failed to arrive that she thought of enquiring at the company's headquarters.

There she learnt that nothing was known of the transaction, and that no representative had been empowered to offer any extra shares in this way.

Reference to the Trust was no more helpful, for all knowledge of Mr. Swann was denied.

In any case, this so-called Trust is only a trumpery affair, which has been widely criticised in financial circles in connection with bargain share-offers.

The only clue that emerges is the fact that Mr. Swann spoke with a marked American accent, so other shareholders should be on their guard lest they, too, are favoured with a philanthropic visitor who has a similar proposition to place before them.

CURED *by* WIRE

£3,000 Prescription

DOWN in the heart of East London, where Barking Road cuts through Canning Town, lives a young Government clerk with his widowed mother.

Though usually cheerful enough, a visit from the demon influenza one recent Friday morning had knocked the heart out of him. Going to his work in the Company Registration Department of Somerset House, Strand, was out of the question.

Up to his bedroom, after answering a call at the front-door, came his mother. And as soon as he saw the telegram in her hand the invalid remembered that this was the day on which JOHN BULL was due to wire to the winner of "Bullets" £3,000 and Motor-car.

"I knew what had happened before I opened that wire," Mr. Leonard Levens told the JOHN BULL man who called at 228, Barking Road. "'Flu or no 'flu, I simply had to dress and go across the road to my newsagent, who has a telephone.'

"I got on to Long Acre in a few moments, and assured myself that the wire was quite in order. But the news had gone round like lightning, and I was almost surrounded when I left the telephone-box.

"I shall choose the Motor-car and £3,000 rather than the 3,000 Guineas," was his reply to our representative's enquiry. "I've always wanted a car, and now, with £3,000 behind me, I feel that I can afford it."

All that Mr. Levens did to secure this remarkable prize was to enter at the last moment one single coupon for our recent big contest, bearing the topical and ingeniously phrased "Bullet"—TICKLISH JOB—"WHACKING" AUSTRALIA—"SOOTHING" INDIA.

"'Flu or no 'flu . . . ."

"This year I'm going to have the best holiday ever," he said later in the motor-car show-rooms, where he examined the "Swift" Sunshine Saloon which is part of his prize.

For another "optimistic tryer," as our winner describes himself, the splendid sum of 1,000 Guineas is waiting on page 35 this week.

Wade in and win this Record August First—but remember that there are also fifty other big holiday cheques to help you with your August expenses.

"Mary, that's a lovely one of you!"

Kodak film never throws away a chance. Gets the picture if it can be got. For Kodak film has latitude. Allows for your little errors. Aids and abets your efforts. Constantly! Consistently! And in a snap taken on Kodak film there are the finer shades of the truth. The light is luminous. The detail is clear and clean. The distance is distinct. Always use Kodak film—to be sure.

Kodak *film*

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More TAIL than DOG

WHY WORK AT ALL?

Sir Warren Fisher heads our growing Civil Service

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

A FEW weeks ago the newspapers reported the case of a household into which £6 15s. came every week without a stroke of work being done for it.

Some of it was unemployment benefit; the rest was pension in one form or another.

The fact that there was legal justification for the whole of that astounding unearned income does not seem to me to be the point.

That we should have drifted into a state of affairs in which any family can receive more than £300 a year without doing a hand's-turn for it seems to me to be a deplorable and ominous situation.

It is, I think, symptomatic of a mental disease that can only be called "parasitism," a disease that is eating deep into the vitals of the nation.

A vicious circle

There is a strange significance in the fact that coincident with the steady growth of unemployment there has been a steady growth of the Civil Service. We are living, in fact, in a vicious circle.

Crushing taxation on industry is, in part at any rate, causing unemployment; and unemployment is causing more and more taxation for social services and for an ever-increasing Civil Service for their administration. The country may become poorer and poorer; trade may become more and more depressed; but the bureaucratic tide rises higher and higher.

It is distinctly alarming to realise that one person in every hundred is a State official — yet that is just about the position.

Excluding the Irish departments, the total number employed in the Civil Service in 1914 was 284,700. By January of this year the number had risen to 304,000—and several hundred more have since been added.

This year the expenditure on social services is absolutely staggering. For two departments alone—the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Health—just short of £100,000,000 is wanted; and this is £10,000,000 more than last year. What will be wanted next year no one knows

Let us leave officialdom for the moment and look at what is quite frankly labelled "charity." It has been computed that at least £20,000,000 is given away each year.

Ten shillings a head!

And this £20,000,000 does not include the large amounts that are raised in support of hospitals; it does not include the very considerable sums that are given to leagues and societies and committees.

Twenty million pounds is a large sum. It is almost 10s. per head of the population.

If you add this to all the money, all the food, all the clothes, all the thousand and one forms of relief that people can get for nothing nowadays, it is almost a matter for wonder that anyone bothers to work at all.

The truth is that a great deal of what used to be called "charity" is now dignified by the much pleasanter name of "social work."

But I often wonder how much of this social work is anything but a pretext for the bureaucrat and the well-to-do to interfere quite intolerably with the lives of the poor, a heaven-sent opportunity to tell them how to spend their wages, how to bring up their families, limit their families, cook their meals and order their whole existence.

And when all is said and done, it is simply like applying a piece of sticking-plaster to a running sore. It cannot cure; at the best it can only alleviate a very little.

Now, let me try to make myself clear. I am not scoffing at national social services; nor am I scoffing at genuine warm-hearted charity. The one is vital and the other is, unfortunately, often a necessity.

What I am protesting against is the steady and unthinking increase on the part of the giver and the increasingly passive acceptance of it all by the recipient.

Because I doubt if any impartial observer could fail to endorse the remark once made by Dean Inge that the modern political method "is to put the worldly goods of the minority up to public auction."

Charity-mongers

What we are, in fact, witnessing today is a new form of political corruption infinitely more demoralising and vastly more injurious to the country than the open and unashamed personal bribery that existed a century ago.

At least we knew then where we were. No one knows where we are to-day, except that this disease which I have called "parasitism" is spreading and spreading until one half of the country is being forced to work to maintain the other half in idleness.

We are in real danger of becoming permanently a nation of charity-mongers. It is not a particularly pleasant prospect.

Do you doubt this? Let me give you two instances:

I know a man who came to London to look for work. For two years he never came within sight of a job, but he didn't starve—far from it.

"I drew money," he said, "from the Employment Exchange, from the Board of Guardians, from the British Legion, from the United Services Fund, from the Police Court Missionary, and from the Charity Organisation Society.

"I was hardly ever short of money or food or anything. The only thing I couldn't get was work."

There is a woman I have in mind who owns a wireless set—but she doesn't own a licence. She won't pay the 10s. a year until she is forced.

She is in receipt of a pension, and it never occurs to her that her pension is paid for by people who do buy wireless licences, pay income-tax and other taxes, and struggle and sweat to keep such as she in comparative comfort.

Sheer bribery

To her mind her pension comes from an inexhaustible fund, and she neither knows nor cares how this fund originates.

I don't think the majority of people in this country ever had much real civic sense. It's not their fault; they've never been taught to have any.

The wholesale bribery of the electorate indulged in by all Parties has killed even the little they had.

Much of this "social work" is good—but much is sheer waste, sheer bribery, and at best only a drop of oil on an angry ocean.

It does nothing to improve the nation's housing, nothing to improve wages, education and culture.

It is merely crystallising into a positive faith the entirely fallacious notion that anything in this life can be had for nothing.

Let us return for a moment to the hugely swollen bureaucracy. Take, for instance, the Post Office.

In 1914 its staff was 233,000 and cost £17,204,000; in 1928 the staff was only 229,000—but its cost was £40,050,000!

You can tell much the same story about any other department of the Civil Service.

Pawnshop politics

And, although, of course, it does not apply to the Post Office, thousands of these Civil Servants are doing no work other than maintaining a huge and growing army of non-producers. They are national wastage in a very real sense of the word.

It is really a very serious matter, and it is time to call a halt. To stave off serious trouble by distributing largesse to half the nation for which the other half must pay may be facile politics, but it is not sound politics.

It is the politics of the pawnshop, and sooner or later the account will have to be met.

Who Fears You?

The Human Machine

THOSE who happen to be placed in a position of authority and power over others should make very sure that they do not use their power merely because they have it. There are ways and ways of exercising authority.

The other day a gendarme saw a boy come dripping from a Belgian stream in which bathing was forbidden. He had authority, and he promptly used it. He dragged the boy off to the police-court.

The magistrate also had authority. He, too, used it—but in a very different way. His eyes twinkled as he looked at the small culprit. "Did you see him go in?" he said to the gendarme.

The latter had to confess that he did not see the boy go in; but he saw him come out, and therefore he must have been in.

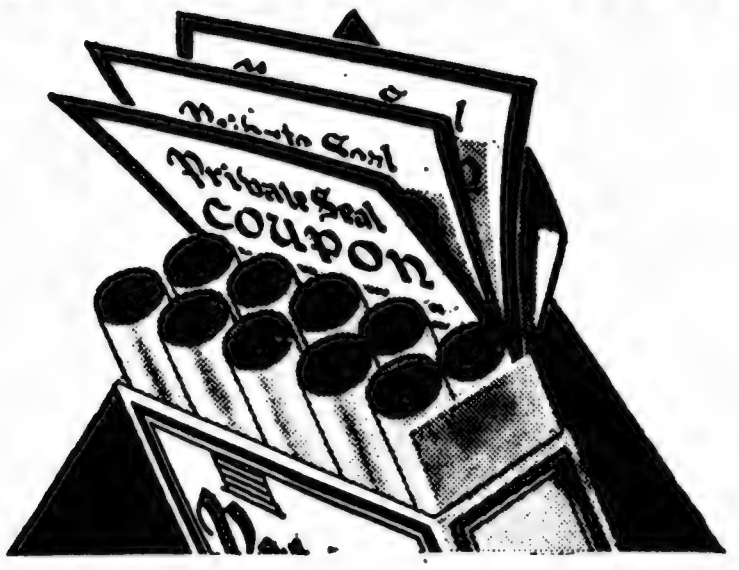
"I quite agree," said the magistrate, "but the charge is wrong. The law says it is forbidden to enter the water. It says nothing about coming out. Since there is no penalty prescribed for coming out of the water, the prisoner is discharged."

A tiny, but very human, story; and it shows very nicely the difference between real authority and mere tyranny. People "dressed in a little brief authority" are always so apt to be tyrants. It takes something of a big man to carry power without letting it go to his head.

Authority in itself does not breed respect in others—though it often breeds fear. Respect only comes when power is wielded with wisdom and understanding.

We all have power over someone; and we all need to think carefully before we use it. To "do unto others as you would they should do unto you" is still the safest guide.

3 COUPONS WITH EVERY TEN 'PRIVATE SEAL CIGARETTES



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DON'T HESITATE *to try 'Private Seal' at once simply because you have already collected a certain number of coupons from other cigarettes. We will accept these coupons for your* first *'Private Seal' gift so long as you send at least as many 'Private Seal' as other coupons. Thus, for a gift requiring* 150 *coupons we will accept* 75 *'Private Seal' and* 75 *other coupons from any* 10 *for* 6d *cigarette.*

We make this offer because we are confident that once you have tried 'Private Seal' you will never want to return to any other cigarette. N.B. This offer applies only to your first gift, and holds good only until August 31st, 1930.

Full value gifts in one-third the time

'PRIVATE SEAL' GIFTS are the biggest value ever offered. Compare the gifts—coupon for coupon with those in any other scheme. Then divide the coupon value by three. 'Private Seal' give you better Gifts in one-third the time—every time!

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IMPERIAL GRAMOPHONE RECORDS — 60 *coupons.* (*Only* 20 *packets of* 10 *instead of* 60 *packets*).

"BEAUTY OF ENGLAND" SILK STOCKINGS—150 *coupons.* (*Only* 50 *packets of* 10 *instead of* 150 *packets*).

And Savoy Plate by the makers of Community Plate, Coty Toilet Preparations, Triang Toys, Watches, Clocks, Wireless Valves, Glassware, etc., etc.

'Private Seal' are full-size cigarettes made from a famous Virginian blend of pure, unadulterated tobaccos. They are cool, satisfying and unvarying in their high quality.

10 for 6d. (*with* 3 *full-value coupons*) **20 for 1/-** (*with* 6 *full-value coupons*)

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Please send me post free the 'PRIVATE SEAL' Book of Gifts.
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Monstrous STATE BLUNDER

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

NEXT Monday will be the sixteenth anniversary of the entry of Great Britain into the World War. It is long since the civilian populations of our Allies have been compensated from the reparations paid by Germany for the injury and damage inflicted upon them.

Britain alone among the combatant countries has defaulted in handing over to the unarmed victims of the bomb and submarine the money taken from Germany for them or their dependents.

On the eve of the anniversary the British Government has distinguished itself by sheltering in cowardly fashion behind the skirts of the law from our citizens who have been duped and defrauded.

Its despicable behaviour was exposed in the King's Bench Division a few days ago when a petition of right by the Civilian War Claimants' Association was heard.

This body represents the 60,000 British civilians who suffered loss or damage in person or property from air-raids, bombardments, sinking of ships, sequestration of property, and other causes during the war.

The petition was a just and simple one—a prayer to His Majesty to direct the payment to the sufferers of the amount due to each of them.

There is no financial reason why the money should not be paid. A bill for £44,000,000 was presented to Germany in respect of our civilians' war claims, and Germany has paid that sum for this specific purpose.

But the British Government has converted £39,000,000 of the amount paid by Germany to its own uses.

It has paid the sufferers only £5,000,000, pocketed the rest, and let it be known that it does not mean to part with another penny.

Nor was there any suggestion that the civilians' claims are excessive. There could not be such a suggestion because each claim was investigated and verified by the Government before it was submitted to Germany.

The Treasury has stolen the money from those for whom it was claimed and obtained.

To legalise the embezzlement and to enrich itself by £39,000,000 at the expense of its injured subjects, the Crown had to resort to a most contemptible defence.

A *mean defence*

IT was that the Crown in distributing the money collected under the treaty, acted on its high prerogative, and that the prerogative cannot be questioned in a court of law.

Mr. Justice Roche felt bound to accept this defence, but his lordship took care to emphasise that he was not deciding on the moral claims of the citizens concerned.

There is not the slightest doubt about the moral responsibility which the British Government has so shamefully evaded.

It incurred this liability six days before the Armistice was signed, when it was made a condition among the Allies that the first essential of an armistice would be that the civilian war sufferers should be fully satisfied by Germany.

The language of the Peace Treaty on this point is the simplest and clearest in that document.

Without ambiguity, the civilian victims of the war were declared to be the preferential creditors of Germany.

Bold on both fronts

Their claims were to be satisfied first and in full, and the strictly Government and military claims of the Allies were to be met from what was left of the resources of the enemy.

It was in this spirit and with this purpose that Germany paid the account of £44,000,000 rendered by the British Government for our civilian sufferers.

Not only has our Government failed to pay the compensation to those for whom it was obtained. It has also deliberately cheated the rightful claimants by using the money paid for them to discharge purely military obligations.

For this scandalous misuse of the funds entrusted to the Treasury Mr. Winston Churchill must be blamed.

He propounded and enforced the extraordinary policy that reparations exclusively made for civilian victims of the war should be used for such purposes as paying disablement pensions to ex-Service men, compensating military prisoners of war, and reimbursing the Treasury for the allowances paid during the war to the wives and dependents of sailors and soldiers.

Our people who lost their breadwinners, their homes, and other property were commanded by Royal Proclamation to submit their claims, and Mr. Lloyd George, as Prime Minister and the voice of the Crown, undertook to see that these claims would be met.

Hatched ten years ago

TWELVE years afterwards some of the ruined and afflicted people have received only a fraction of what Germany paid for each of them in good faith, masses of them have got nothing, and now the Government has ignominiously sought to set the legal seal upon its brazen robbery.

Ten years ago, JOHN BULL, alone among the public Press, detected that it was the ultimate intention of the Crown to deprive its maimed and stricken subjects of the money demanded from Germany on their behalf.

Then six years later came the amazing pledge by Mr. Winston Churchill to France that it was the intention of the British Government to apply any surplus of our share of reparations (including the payments for civilians) to reduce our claims against the Allies for debt.

In other words, we have made a free gift to France of money expressly paid by Germany for British war sufferers. It is small wonder that the rest of the world has come to regard us as a nation of sorties.

If a father obtained damages in trust for his injured infant son and proceeded to distribute the money among his friends, he would soon be serving a sentence of penal servitude in Dartmoor or detained in Broadmoor.

In respect of civilian war reparations, the Crown stood *in loco parentis* to its subjects. Having confiscated and made away with the money entrusted to it for them, it has been driven to ask for its immorality and lunacy to be legally condoned. The treatment of the sufferers has been as callous as fraudulent.

There is a shipwright in Northumberland whose wife was killed in an air-raid and left him with five children. For the loss of his wife the Government claimed £1,462 from Germany, and that amount was paid.

But he has had nothing, because the Crown contends that he was not dependent upon his wife.

A poor fellow in Dover lost a leg in an air-raid. The amount claimed and received on his behalf was £800. As an "act of grace," the Government has paid him £16 in full and final settlement.

The Crown received £1,699 from Germany in respect of a Coventry man who was drowned at sea. His widow and three children have been given only £100.

These cases are culled without selection from a miserable catalogue of many thousands of tragic instances of cheating.

Every shilling which France and the United States obtained from Germany for their civilian victims has been paid to them.

There could not be a more illuminating case than this one of their honesty and our evasion.

Tale of two sisters

A BRITISH subject who was drowned in the *Lusitania* disaster left two daughters who had been dependent upon him.

One has been refused any compensation by the British Government. The other married an American and became, therefore, a citizen of the United States.

Her claim was dealt with by the United States Government and she has been paid $17,890.

Her unfortunate sister has the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the British Government has presented her share to France to lessen that country's debt to us.

Sophistry and meanness are the politest words which can be used to describe the policy of the British Government towards its unhappy victims.

It is regrettable that this policy has had to be pursued throughout in the name of the Crown.

SCOTLAND YARD'S Lost

When the Yard lost its "most dapper detective" Jerusalem gained a new Chief of Police

THE moment a police officer has attained rank and importance his name becomes well known to the public, for his work in suppressing crime, sensational and hazardous as it often , keeps him constantly "in the ews."

But what happens to our great tectives when, after a lifetime ent in tracking down murderers id swindlers, they carry their nique skill and experience into tirement?

Their names, once on everyone's ps, are soon forgotten.

What is Chief Constable Wensley oing now? Where is Pearce? hat has happened to Inspector ge? Is Bower still alive?

Where are Burton, Leach, Hawns or "Wally" Dew? And what as become of Superintendents ell and Carlin of the old "Big our"?

How many members of the pubc could answer these questions?

Yet it is only a little while since l these men were prominent gures, whose movements and chievements were being conantly chronicled.

Where's Wensley?

It is interesting to follow some these famous figures into their tirement: to view them in new ettings, devoting their leisure ours to varied pursuits.

Scarcely anything has been eard of Chief Constable Wensley nce he retired a year ago; yet a housand memories of his crowded areer spring to mind at mention his name.

Most people will recall, for exmple, his more famous cases, hich include the murders of Leon eron at Clapham and Nellie ault at Hitchin. He brought ierre Voison, the Soho murderer, nd Edith Thompson and Frederick ywaters to justice.

He discovered the famous Werer jewels, stolen by a gang of hieves from Bath House, Piccailly, and broke up a coterie of blackmailers led by the notorious "Squint-eyed Sheik," who was subsequently sent to penal servitude for life.

What is Wensley doing to-day? He is still as alert, and still possessed of the same untiring energy which kept him at the Yard from early morning till midnight, but has dropped detection altogether.

All his interests are now concentrated upon the cultivation of roses—and potatoes—in his beautiful garden in North London, where he works from early morning till late at night with the same zest he displayed at the Yard.

Expert gardening is likewise the pursuit of Superintendent Parker, who retired two years ago after a life devoted to the detection of crime and to the escort of Royalty.

To-day he lives at Bognor Regis, where his large vegetable-garden, tended mostly by himself, is reputed to be the finest in the neighbourhood.

And where is Detective-Inspector Burton, known at Scotland Yard as one of the cleverest criminal investigators ever enlisted in the Metropolitan Police Force.

Five years ago he was one of the Yard's most active sleuths. Never a clue escaped him, and he feared no one.

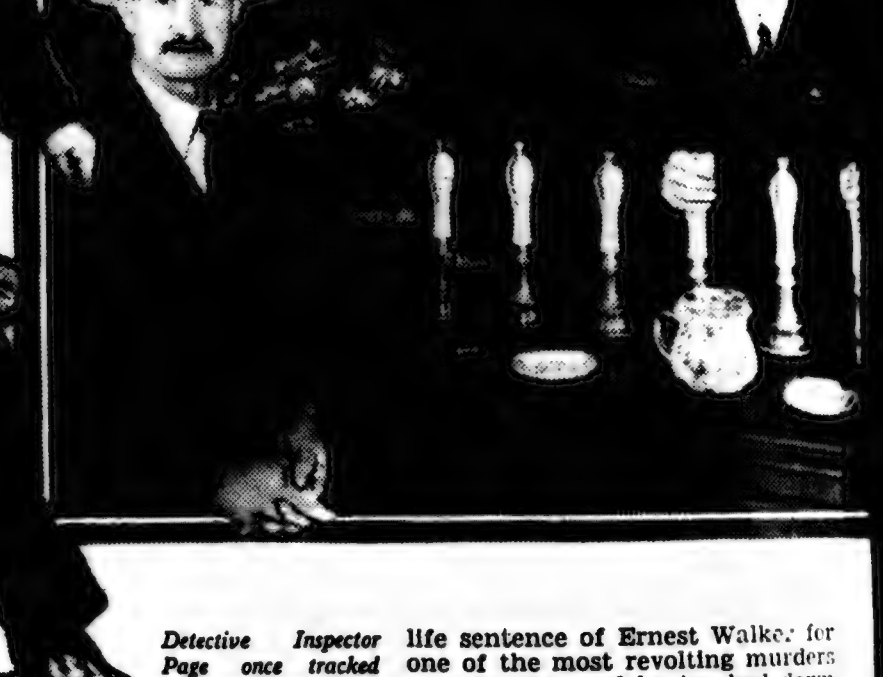
He it was who brought about the life sentence of Ernest Walker for one of the most revolting murders ever known; and he tracked down and arrested Ronald True.

Burton's only clue in the latter case was a telephone number scribbled upon a wall of a garage where True had previously taken his car after a breakdown.

Thence he went to a hairdresser's shop in Wardour Street, where a parcel of bloodstained clothes was discovered, and finally to the Hammersmith Palace of Varieties where True was arrested in a box.

Detective-Inspector Burton also investigated the murder of Florence Buxton at Fulham, and was in charge of the case of Field-

". . . arrested Ronald True"



Detective Inspector Page once tracked down murderers: now he dispenses beer

Divisional Detective-Inspector Steel, of Bow Street's C.I.D., in his favourite "disguise"

Inspector Still (left), of the Uniformed Branch, saying good-bye. Now he collects rents!

The Old Sleuths at Home

egion

Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, the great soldier and strategist, after he had been assassinated in Eaton Square by two men who Burton subsequently brought to book.

Where is Detective-Inspector Burton to-day? Many of his former colleagues at the Yard couldn't tell you. We can.

We reproduce a portrait of Inspector Burton with Ronald True after his arrest, with one hand manacled to the murderer's wrist.

That hand works hard to-day in an off-licence house at Westcliff-on-Sea, dispensing liquor for thirsty souls.

A similar change has been made by many of his retired colleagues.

Buried in Sussex

Many people will recall the name of Detective-Inspector Frank Page, who, after a period at Scotland Yard, went to control the criminal investigation departments of certain North London police-stations.

He, too, had a varied career.

He helped in the arrest of a man for the alleged murder of Emily Dimmock at Camden Town, and owing to a wild demonstration against Ruby Young, one of the witnesses, cleverly manœuvred her out of a side-door of the Old Bailey after she had given her evidence.

When Inspector Page left the service four years ago, Knowland Brothers, the publicans, engaged him to manage the "White Hart" at Stoke Newington.

His likeable personality won him wide popularity, and to-day, he controls his own hotel at Uckfield, in Sussex.

Few of the people who frequent "Ye Old King's Head" there realise who their host is.

Then there is "Reggie" Hawkins, late of Vine Street, known to all in the underworld as an intrepid officer, who frustrated many a swell mobsman and sent countless first-class jewel-thieves and commercial swindlers to jail.

Now "Mine Host"

He also brought several bogus society women to book for blackmailing offences.

He is now "mine host" at the "Fox and Grapes" at Wimbledon.

One of the most notable personalities at Vine Street during the past thirty years was "Slimy" Pearce, a resourceful officer, who owed his nickname to his enemies, whom he repeatedly outwitted.

He never forgot a face, and his unique gifts in identification made him invaluable in an area populous with swell crooks and confidence-tricksters.

It was Pearce who handled most of the enquiries into the mysterious death of Freda Kempton, the beautiful young dancing mistress, who was found dying from an overdose of cocaine.

He dealt with the nefarious operations of Brilliant Chang, the erstwhile dope-king, and of Edgar Manning, the coloured rogue.

Manning was one of the most dangerous rascals in England, and invariably went about armed; yet he feared "Slimy" Pearce.

Pearce, on the other hand, never gave a thought to danger, and distinguished himself in many affrays with race-gang thugs in some of the more unsavoury night-clubs of the West End.

Many big international blackmailing and confidence gangs were broken up by Pearce and his chief, Detective-Inspector Vanner, whose joint triumphs are too numerous to mention.

Chief Inspector Knott once watched aliens; now he watches the "Stars"

Mayfair to Devon

When Pearce retired about two years ago a sigh of relief was uttered by the more hardened rogues of the underworld.

The face of Pearce, so familiar in the West End for years, suddenly disappeared; yet only the rogues who feared him noticed his departure.

Where is he now?

This experienced and fearless sleuth is to-day perhaps the most romantic figure of all.

We must go far away from the West End to the West Country—to a sleepy Devonshire village near Lewdown, where a hale and hearty farmer, though a comparative newcomer to the district, is forming a wide circle of friends.

That farmer is Detective Pearce, the Mayfair Terror, who, aided by his two sons, now rears pigs, sheep and poultry in England's loveliest county.

And what has become of the famous Elias Bower, once one of the greatest thief-catchers?

His foremost case, in which the most intricate detective work was called for, was the break-up of the "D. S. Windle" gang of bank-forgers.

He has now become a globe-trotter, and is at present in far-away Australia.

Thousands of aliens, honest and otherwise, might wonder what has become of Chief Inspector Alfred Knott, who presided over the Aliens Department at Bow Street for many years.

His skill in dealing with the records of undesirables who crept into this country without permission was exceptional, and he was particularly active in endeavouring to suppress those who sought to cheat the law by contracting temporary marriages with worthless Englishmen.

To-day he has forsaken his spacious department at Bow Street for the stage doorkeeper's office at the famous Palace Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., watching the comings and goings of "stars" instead of aliens.

What has happened to Inspector Joseph Broadhurst, who a few years ago won fame in London as the Yard's most dapper detective?

On his retirement he went to Palestine, and to-day he is one of the Chiefs of Police in Jerusalem!

We wonder how many of his old friends will recognise him from the exclusive picture we are able to publish here?

James McCoy, who has for years been famous as a C.I.D. superintendent at Liverpool, where many of the world's worst rogues have landed, has also sought fame abroad.

He recently retired, and is now in Greece, reorganising the police there.

Some of the Yard's great detectives prefer to devote themselves to private detective work after retirement.

Sleuths still

The fact that many of them have secured important permanent posts discredits those who contend that police chiefs should be retired at fifty to make room for younger men.

For example, since Detective-Inspector Stevens retired from the Bow Street C.I.D. in 1925, he has controlled the detective service of Lyons' restaurants, with several other ex-police-officers under him.

Others who enjoy similar important posts are Inspector Vanner from Vine Street, who is chief detective to the Gordon Hotels Syndicate.

Detective-Inspector Cecil Parsons, who investigated a sordid studio murder some years ago, now officiates as chief house-detective at Gamage's stores, and Inspector O'Donnell is chief sleuth at the Savoy Hotel.

"Honest John" Seymour, famous for his detective work in London more than a decade ago, is now working for the Catesby Furnishing Company.

Inspector Still, of the Uniform Branch at Bow Street, and who had been one of the principal patrolling officers of the West End for years, is now a rent-collector, working for the Law Land Society.

Amongst the prominent ex-police officers running their own agencies are Chief Inspector

Chief Constable Wensley finds peace in his garden

Arrow, who, at the request of the King of Spain, went to Barcelona to modernise police methods there; Inspector Wally Dew, who brought Crippen from Canada; Superintendent Carlin of the late "Big Four," and scores of others.

The latest to join their number is Detective-Inspector Leach, who recently retired from Brixton Division, and whose splendid record includes the rounding up of the "Red Bandit" gang of coiners at Kensington, and, in conjunction with Chief Inspector Berrett, the arrest of Kennedy and Brown, for the murder of Police-Sergeant Gutteridge.

Leach has more than once been stabbed and left for dead.

He has now joined his father—a famous police-officer himself—in running a private detective agency.

Divisional Detective-Inspector Steel, of Bow Street C.I.D., who is just retiring, and who has a fine record of achievement, intends to lead the simple life at a South Coast resort.

An ardent angler

A great angler, he will spend much of his leisure sea fishing, but few who see the patient figure in oilskins and sou'-wester as depicted on the opposite page will realise what an eventful career he has put behind him.

Thus, the men who have graced the finest Police Force in the world are scattered far and wide, following diversified pursuits, and lost to the gaze of the public they have served so well.

Although the spirit of this article is not intended to be critical, we cannot help feeling that all these expert crime-detectors, who can still work with zest, have been allowed to retire long before their days of usefulness were over.

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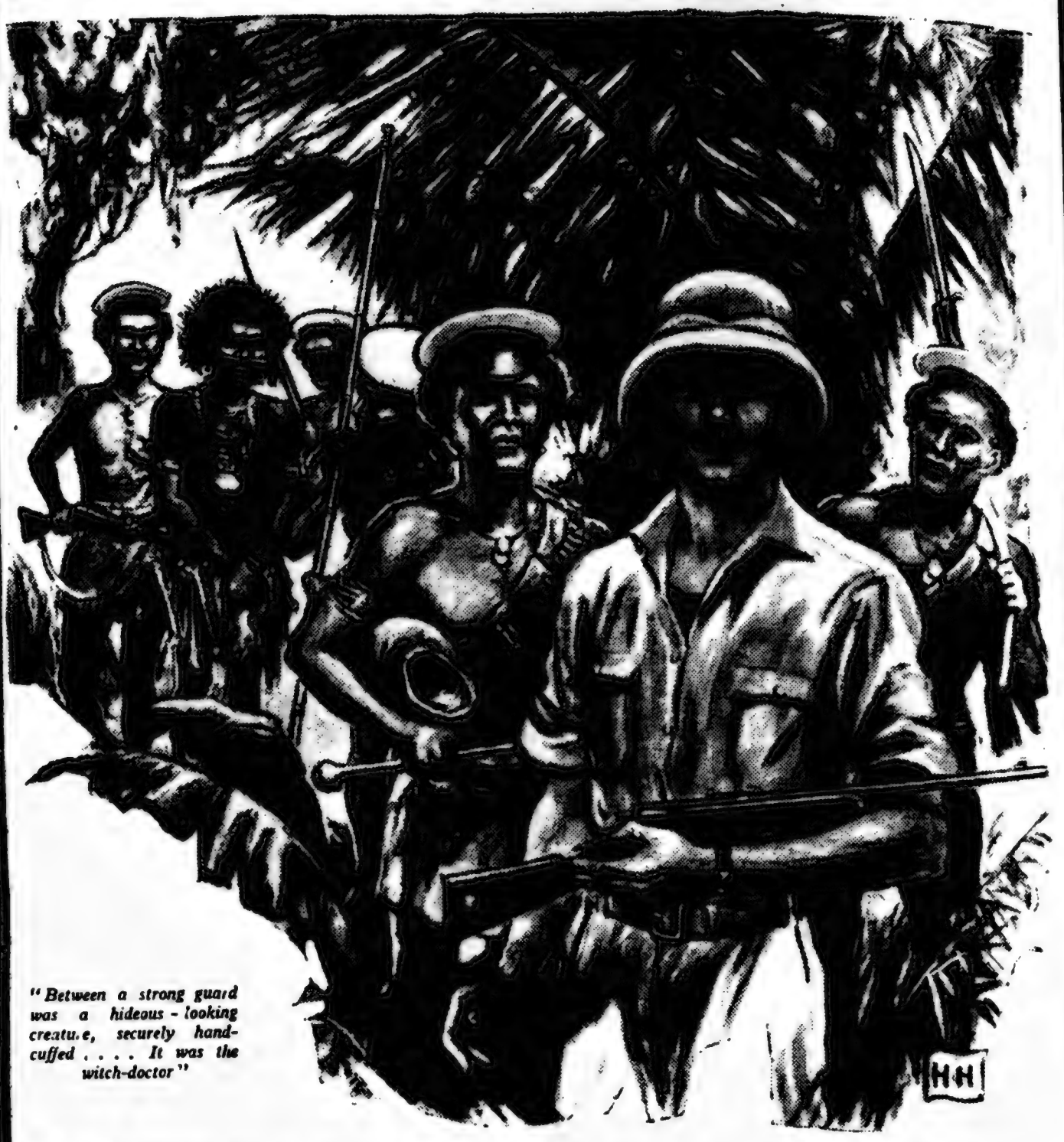
A TRUE STORY *by* JOHN NOLAN (*World's Long-distance Canoe Champion*)



"Between a strong guard was a hideous-looking creature, securely handcuffed . . . . It was the witch-doctor"

Illustrated by Herbert Hyde

HEROISM does not emanate from brawn and size, but from the heart and nerves. So no matter how small physically a person may be, he has an equal chance with his more massive brother of winning a Victoria Cross.

But when it comes to unexplained happenings, matters beyond ken of the human brain, it is always open to question how a man will act, whether he be large or small.

So, having sojourned in New Guinea, where many peculiar things take place, the following story will act as an example of what sometimes happens to a man—well, you had better read on, though the names and places are changed, for the characters, as far as I am aware, are still living.

• • •

"Huh! take a look at this," Hutch Rowlands irritably exclaimed as he tossed a piece of paper across the mildewed table to John Graham.

It was a letter from the medical authority at Rabaul—a letter asking for details relating to the island of Rawa Rawa, on which headquarters were considering establishing a new leper colony.

John looked from the communication to the slumped figure of the man who sat opposite.

Hutch was an Australian, 6 ft. 4 in. of bone and muscle, deep of chest, and with complexion olive-tinted by sun and fever.

But six years on the mainland of New Guinea had left his great frame a bundle of nerves.

Blessed with gigantic strength, Hutch could easily dispose of anything that came up against him in a material sense, but things spooky left him as helpless as a little child.

"There's nothing to worry over, old man; the island's only three miles away, so you'll soon be there and back. I shall have to be going now, that darned head-tax at Goom, you know.

"I'll leave you one police-boy for navigating, and the remainder of the crew you can borrow from the plantation. Will you be taking the measuring instrument?"

The other man nodded.

"Isn't this damned island taboo?" he growlingly asked.

"Yes! Old Ananahai, the witch-doctor of Anorobe, has set his seal upon it. Reckon he must have had some ulterior motive for doing so; probably you'll find it's well-stocked with pig and wild coconut which he wants to keep for himself.

"Anyway, there will be nothing to trouble you. So long, until to-morrow."

HUTCH slowly rose to his feet and gazed belligerently after his senior's retreating figure.

Then, with a muttered imprecation, he seized a flask, filled it with whisky, gathered up some sandwiches and the instrument, and stalked off to the veranda, where he bellowed for Lamanai, the police-boy.

Twenty minutes later he was being rowed across the strip of shark-infested water by six husky and sweating kanakas.

As they neared the island and the opening in the coral reef, Hutch noticed a sudden slackening in the boat's speed. With rolling eyeballs and fear-filled glances thrown behind, the crew finally lay on their oars.

Coaxing and swearing by turns, Hutch finally persuaded them to run the gap, but once in the placid lagoon they refused to pull another stroke.

"Lamanai! You make quick time, boys altogether long long."

"Me no like, master. I'm altogether taboo," replied the perturbed police-boy, a new recruit, as he pointed a dirty and shaking finger at Rawa Rawa.

"Me no like! *Me* like! altogether boss 'e likes, savvy?" shouted Hutch, beside himself with rage, as he seized the boat-hook and brandished it threateningly over the police-boy's head, poking him here and there with the steel point.

Slowly the crew again began to ply their oars, cringing from the fury in front and the unknown horror behind.

Finally there came a slight scrunch as the bow of the boat grounded on the dazzling white beach.

Out jumped the perspiring Hutch, taking the flask and other things handed him by the police-boy.

"Quick time, Lamanai," he ordered. But the native, though cowed, had cunningly decided there was nothing doing.

TABOO

A New Guinea Night Entertainment

"'Spose Lamanai come quick time, you'e no stop, 'e go back along hut, altogether quick time," whined the miserable fellow.

To this logic Hutch could find no contradiction, so stuffing the flask in his hip-pocket and swinging the instrument over his shoulder, he strode off under a broiling sun.

What exactly occurred after Hutch had vanished in the bush will always remain a matter of conjecture, but some semblance of truth may be attached to the boat-crew's story, as was proved by later events.

For, according to them, a few minutes after their master had disappeared a fearsome devil emerged from the tall coconut grass and came towards them.

So waiting for no more, the thoroughly demoralised boys pushed off, and rowed back to the settlement.

On arriving at headquarters, there being no white man to report to, they went in their huts for the remainder of the day.

After Hutch had left the beach, he struck through a tangle of vegetation to Rawa Rawa's eastern shore. There he sat on a fallen palm to jot down his notes.

But in a few moments his thoughts pragmatic were suddenly disturbed by a mournful sound, sonorous at first, then rising to a wild shriek, and dying away in a cackle of fiendish laughter.

Hutch shivered as with the ague, though the sun was still well above the horizon and he was sweating freely.

But with a desperate effort he controlled his feelings, and began to cogitate whether he would commence walking the length of the island, which was about a mile long.

As he sat pondering it over, the weird sound came again, this time a little nearer and from the southern end.

This decided Hutch, who now, half mad with fear, began to hike along the shell-strewn sand in the direction from whence the uncanny noise had come.

With cold sweat oozing from every pore, Hutch strode on, gripping vice-like a water-smoothed stick he had picked from the beach—for he was otherwise unarmed.

In the bush, but a few paces away, level with him, now dogging his fast quickening strides, came the unearthly howl.

Escape on the left by the sea being out of the question, Hutch, his nerve entirely gone, suddenly made a wild and maniacal dash at the vegetation from behind which the sound had come.

His crashing body smashing down the undergrowth effectually drowned any disturbance that might have been caused by an escaping intruder; but his headlong rush was finally stayed by contact with a huge bush of wait-a-minute thorn.

As his powerful body stood quivering from the impact with the cruel spikes, and his now nerveless fingers attempted to pluck the painful barbs embedded in his flesh, the long-drawn-out moan suddenly arose from behind his back.

Absolute panic now seized him, for his disordered mind had conjured up a manner of ghastly tales he had heard about devil-work practised by the savages.

Turning, he skirted the thorn-bush, and with fright lending wings to his feet, he dashed across the island to where he had left the boat.

Wild-eyed and breathless, his shirt in tatters, he arrived at the fringe of the beach.

To right and left he searched, and scanned the shore from north to south, but there was no trace of his boat or crew.

Feverishly he ran up and down the sand, thinking he might have mistaken the landing-place; but no—for he finally came across his own footprints and the ruttle in the powdered coral made by the prow of the boat.

Halting in his vain quest, he gave vent to a series of hysterical "coo-ees," but the only answer that came in reply was the horrible screech from the bush.

Completely unarmed, for in his mad flight he had lost the stick, Hutch suddenly thought of the flask in his pocket.

Wrenching out the stopper he took a long pull; then, with his nerve steadied by the fiery liquid, he commenced to think out plans for escape.

The instrument and the packet of sandwiches missing, he discovered that

Jim Tully,

the "hobo-novelist," author of "Beggars of Life" and "Circus Parade," provides a moving reminiscence of his early tramping days. Read "Birds of a Feather" in next week's issue.

his only possessions were the flask, his wrist-watch, ten cigarettes, matches, and a nail-cleaner. His shirt and trousers were in ribbons and his helmet gone.

Thus, after thinking out many wild plans, Hutch decided he would have to settle down to a sleepless night, trusting that the morrow would bring Graham to his rescue.

So, having come to this decision, he bathed his wounds with sea-water, lit a cigarette, and crouched down to his all-night vigil.

Occasionally, but at longer intervals, the mysterious noise came from the island's interior, ending with a hideous and mocking cackle that sent shivers up and down his spine.

Childish thought it was, but Hutch could not get away from his belief in things supernatural.

Fortunately, it was a moonless night, so Hutch decided to move his position some fifty yards further to the north, thus temporarily baffling his tormenter.

After taking this necessary precaution, he suffered fresh agonies on realising he dared not light another cigarette. So for solace in his predicament he took another nip from the flask.

Turning on his side that faced the bush, Hutch commenced to play with a handful of shells and pebbles, to count and recount them in order to keep from falling asleep.

This, however, had the reverse effect, for he dozed off with the melancholy wail coming faintly to his ears.

His slumber was filled by dreams of a terrifying character, for strange shapes, adorned in gruesome masks of red and white, with goggling, protruding eyes, danced before him, emitting fiendish yells from slavering, scarlet-coloured mouths.

Occasionally they would stamp upon him, only to dart away and come back to re-act the performance all over again.

It was his own yell of fear that finally awakened him; but his terrified shout lay frozen on his lips as he felt the contact of many crawling feet upon his body.

Slowly the things crept over him, falling with little plops in the sand as they came to the edge of his chest.

HIS mind in tumult, Hutch, however, finally realised what the intruders might be, so with a crazy burst of laughter he jumped to his feet.

Stooping, he picked from the beach a sea-shell no larger than a duck's egg, into the cavity of which a pair of small nippers were desperately trying to conceal themselves—it was a harmless hermit-crab.

Glancing at his illuminated watch, Hutch, with a groan, realised there were still several hours to dawn.

No sound stirred the night, save for the gentle lap of the phosphorescent ripples as they fell upon the beach, while over the bush, where his enemy lay hidden, a dank mist was rising from the rotting vegetation.

In the direction of the settlement, Hutch could faintly see the light of the antiquated oil-beacon located at the end of the little coral promontory.

This somewhat cheered him, so, feeling shivery and dreading an attack of fever, he emptied the flask.

What happened after this, Hutch could never remember. He had a dim recollection of pacing up and down the shore, and after that—oblivion.

The next morning he was found lying huddled up on the beach with a colony of hermit crabs covering his unconscious form.

These scuttled away at Graham's approach, and Hutch was taken to the settlement in a high state of fever.

After depositing him in the little hospital, Graham returned to the island in company of the native sergeant-major and five police-boys, hard-bitten veterans who feared neither taboo nor anything else, save the wrath of their master.

Landing, they searched Rawa Rawa from end to end, and at its southernmost extremity came across a huge pile of coconuts ready for husking.

But no trace of the measuring instrument could they find, though at the bottom of a thorn-bush they retrieved Hutch's helmet.

An interval of two months elapsed, when one day Graham returned to the settlement from an expedition to the Morobe tribe.

Among the many queer things his police-boys carried were two peculiar-looking objects, one a huge conch-shell from which a strange, moaning noise could, if properly blown, be extracted, and the other a bamboo reed, which placed to the lips would emit a frightful shriek as from a person in mortal agony.

BETWEEN a strong guard that brought up the rear of the little procession was a hideous-looking creature, securely handcuffed.

It was the witch-doctor of Anorobe, he who had placed the taboo upon Rawa Rawa in order to protect his coconuts.

Remaining on the island until an opportunity offered to ferry his wealth to the mainland, he had hit on an original idea for frightening off intruders.

For he it was who had brought Hutch nearer to his grave, for there was found in the village ju-ju house the white man's missing instrument.

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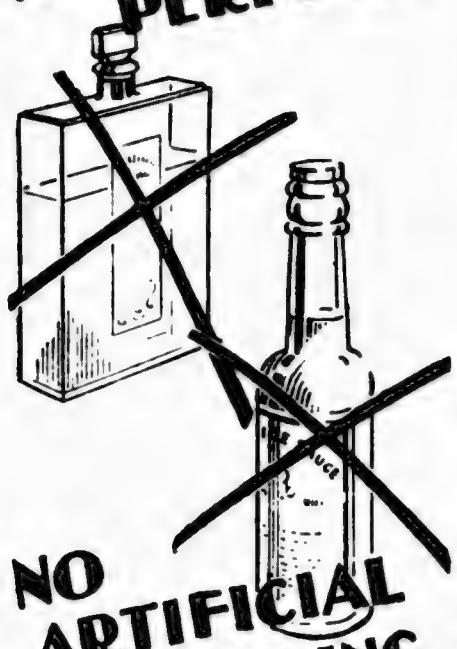

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There's economy, too, in smoking RUBICON MIXTURE at 8½d. the oz. It burns as only pure tobacco can burn—slowly, evenly and coolly right down to the last shred.

Made by John Sinclair, Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne —makers for over 70 years of pure, honest Tobacco.

REAL HOLIDAY WIZARDS

The Man Who Fits Your Starts

Men behind the scenes—Southern Railway time-table clerks at London Bridge Station

WHILE millions of holiday-makers all over Britain are enjoying their freedom in pleasant haunts, few spare a thought for the man who makes holidays possible.

Everyone knows the engine-driver, the porter and the guard, but few have heard of, much less seen, a railway time-table clerk.

Yet but for his strenuous work, which is intensified during the holiday season, there would be no excursions; trains would be many hours late, and cheap trips to holiday towns would be impossible.

The magnitude of the task before the men who change the railway time-tables to cope with the rush to the country and seaside can be guessed from the statement that a single time-table contains 7,000,000 figures and letters.

There are four big railway systems in Britain, so that the time-table clerks have to deal with a total of about 28,000,000 figures and letters for the summer time-table alone.

Add to this the amazing number of local and bank holiday excursions not shown in the full time-table, and it becomes obvious that the time-table clerk is one of the busiest and most responsible men behind the scenes.

Endless troubles

The extreme difficulty of making a time-table is due to the fact that the alteration of the time of a single train may involve alterations all along the main line for four or even six hundred miles, quite apart from alterations in the timing of hundreds of trains on branch lines.

The traffic officers and engineers have a word to say to the time-table clerk also, for it is little use his arranging for a train to leave, say, Harrogate at 6.15 p.m. if there is no rolling-stock at Scarborough to make up the train or no locomotive with steam up.

Every year before the holiday season railway time-table clerks from all over Britain meet to discuss the holiday time-tables.

At a round-table conference each clerk puts forward his views, and when matters of general policy have been decided, they start on the details. It is then that a thousand difficulties crop up.

The people of Skegness may say, for instance, that an early morning train from London will encourage holiday-makers. But time-table clerks from various points along the line protest that they cannot possibly fit in a train to pass before mid-day, as the line is already crowded.

Eventually the matter is adjusted. It is decided to run a train from Liverpool Street, perhaps, at 9.30, and the times at which it will pass every station are carefully worked out.

Each time-table clerk is told to accept the train at a certain time, and has to make his local arrangements accordingly.

It may be, perhaps, that because of this holiday excursion from London, the people of some small Lincolnshire village find their morning train is fifteen minutes later.

In the old days time-table making was a fascinating affair, carried out with an elaborate arrangement of cotton and pins on paper. Now the cotton and pins have been scrapped and a blackboard is used instead.

Along the top of the blackboard run markings showing the distance and position of various stations from the terminus, while down the side the time is marked in minutes.

Brain-teasers

A line is drawn representing the course of the train, and it is thus possible to see at a glance at what time any given train will pass any station or signal-box.

Time-table making is a form of higher mathematics before which the brain of the ordinary man reels.

But the time-table clerk has served his apprenticeship behind the booking-office pigeon-hole, and is thoroughly versed in the technicalities of railway working.

After a conference which may last days, and even weeks, a draft time-table is completed and submitted to higher authorities for approval.

It may be decided to run a new non-stop train for 400 miles. There follow, of course, more alterations, since everything must give way to a non-stop express.

At last, after months of hard work, the summer time-table is completed and goes to the printers.

When eventually the labours of the time-table clerk appear on the bookstalls, the books weigh 404 tons; and the pages, if laid end to end, would extend for 6,720 miles—or from Newfoundland to England and back!

The work of the time-table clerk represents a colossal order to the printing trade. Over 10,000 lb. of type-metal are used for each of the four time-tables, as well as two miles of space rules.

Don't take a Holiday

this year without taking with you JOHN BULL'S Summer Holiday Annual. Fourteen short stories and a hundred laughs, all for sixpence.

The wire used for stitching the time-tables measures sixty miles, and some 1,200 parcels have to be packed for despatch to the booksellers, involving the use of eight tons of brown paper.

But the time-table clerk's work is not finished for the year when the summer time-table is safely seen in the press. Almost weekly a local horticultural, dog-breeding or charitable society notifies the railway of a forthcoming exhibition or fête.

Little leisure

Orders are immediately given for running cheap excursions, and the timing of each train has again to be carefully worked out to fit in with the daily time-table.

The time-table clerk has very few idle hours during the summer.

Further work for the time-table clerk is provided by the production of "A Working Book"—a time-table which is never seen by the general public and produced solely for the information of station-masters, guards and signalmen.

In it is recorded the timing, not only of every passenger train, but also of every goods train, and even the passing of a solitary uncoupled engine.

It involves even more work than the time-table that appears on the bookstalls.

Into this time-table has to be inserted the timing of seasonal good trains, such as "strawberry-trains" and "flower-trains."

Every train in the Working Book is known by a number, so that the 9.45 down is known as No. 160 to the railwayman.

Few people know that during the summer a number of [illegible] are opened at seaside and country resorts which are closed during the winter.

New staff has to be [illegible] for these stations, and that adds [illegible] further complications to the preparation of time-tables.

"Butterfly" men

The working time-table [illegible] certain that there is always a guard available for a train, and [illegible] keeping men for the week-[illegible] tions which are closed on Sundays.

These men are called [illegible] by their mates, and if the [illegible] certain way of making a railwayman angry it is to call him a "butterfly."

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the time-table clerk's work is that he rarely makes a mistake.

Every figure and letter in the time-table is checked five and six times, and although the time-tables are like the Post Office, a stock joke, in actual fact not one figure in a million is wrong.

When on a memorable day in the summer you walk on to the station to catch your seaside express, give a thought to the clerk behind the scenes.

The railways are so busy during the summer that he has to take *his* holiday in the bleak days of February or November.

The BIG packet — *full of nourishment*

EVERY carton of Shredded Wheat is packed full of Nature's perfect food—golden wheat—prepared in the one best way to ensure that every part shall do its share in building up and nourishing the system. The more you have of Shredded Wheat the more you like it. That is why it is the standard breakfast food of millions and why children learn to think of Shredded Wheat as the proper beginning for every day.

Because it *is* so satisfying and sustaining, Shredded Wheat is economical. It is always ready to serve and needs no cooking—a great advantage at home or when away. Just pour on milk or serve with fruit or eat it dry with cheese and butter, and you have at once the perfect summer meal.

There's health in Shredded Wheat and there's happiness in health. Take the one regularly and you gain the other for good.

Hotels, boarding-houses and restaurants serve Shredded Wheat on request.

SHREDDED WHEAT

100% FOOD

BRITONS MAKE IT—IT MAKES BRITONS

'That's funny!'

says Mrs. Rawlins

"And now I come to think of it I remember saying to myself 'I must think on to tell the Missis we've no more Robin.' And then it went out of my head, Mum, and now here we are; this extra big wash and no Robin. It's a 'andicap. That's what it is, Mum, a 'andicap."

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mrs. Rawlins. I'll telephone for a box."

"Yes, Mum, and 'appen they'll send up while I'm getting my things in the boiler. And be sure it's Robin Starch. Don't forget to say Robin, Mum. It's surprising what a difference Robin makes."

ROBIN Starch

RECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL & LONDON

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

Daily Bread needs 'Golden Shred' -it's fine

ROBERTSON—only maker.

GUARANTEED Champion

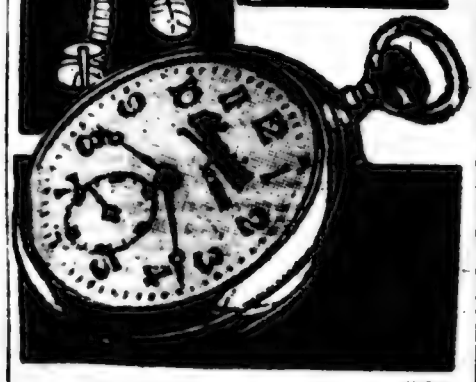
RELIABLE LEVER WATCHES

COST NO MORE THAN A "CHEAP" WATCH!

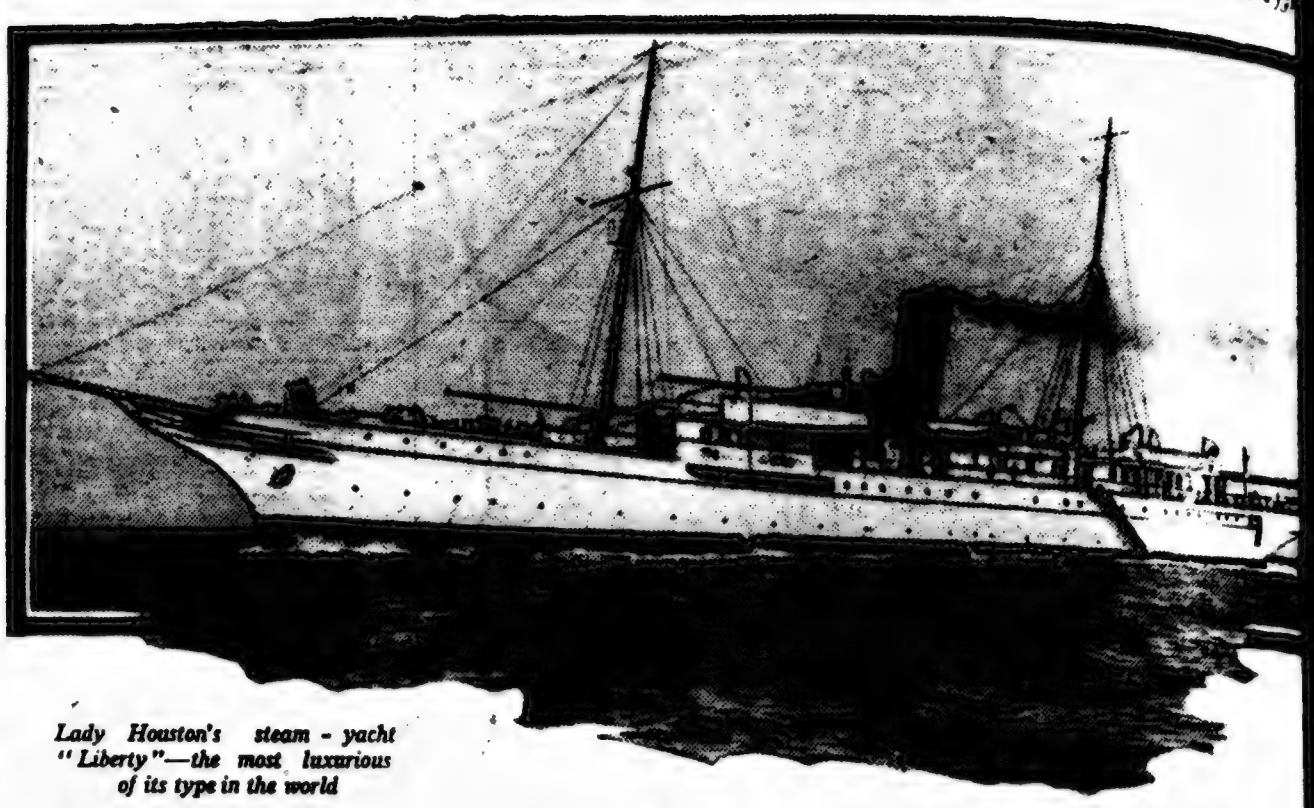
If you want a watch for hard use—inexpensive but RELIABLE—THE ANSWER IS A CHAMPION! You could hardly pay less than you do for a CHAMPION—you may pay twice as much for a no more reliable watch INSIST ON A CHAMPION—IT PAYS!

Pocket Models from 5/- Wrist Models from 13/- SOLD ON THEIR MERITS!

YOUR LOCAL JEWELLER STOCKS CHAMPION WATCHES. Particulars on application to THIEL BROS., LTD., 39, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1, Sole Distributors for the Manufacturers.



MCT



Lady Houston's steam - yacht "Liberty"—the most luxurious of its type in the world

When You're A Millionaire

THE Solent during Cowes Week! The climax of the "season," and, this year, the end of the greatest season for British yachting since the war.

Thousands of ardent yachtsmen are now congregated at Cowes for what is perhaps the most picturesque regatta in the world.

Dotted here and there amongst the white-winged beauties at rest in the anchorage are dozens of other craft, each one a shining mass of white and gold, with shimmering brass-work winking in the sun.

They are the luxury yachts, built for pleasure cruising, each one a floating Ritz and the darling toy of the "really rich."

They are at Cowes because Cowes happens to be the appointed place at this time of the year. At other times they may be lying off Cannes or Alexandria, or in the Firth of Forth, each in its season.

Most of them have short accommodation-ladders let down to the water, and now and then a smart launch purrs out to them from pier or club enclosure. Let us follow one and see how Mayfair lives at sea.

The top of the ladder is flanked with gaily-coloured flowers set in boxes on the deck of shining teak. The deck itself looks more like the work of a cabinet-maker than a horny-handed shipwright.

Everywhere is snowy paint and gleaming metal. All around you lies the reason for the fabulous cost of many of these shining toys.

Metal fittings of lacquered brass or chromium plate, rare wood beautifully carved and fitted, every detail chosen as a delight for the eye, regardless of all cost.

Floating palaces

Alongside even a small cargo-boat almost any one of these yachts would be completely dwarfed. A third its size, yet it may cost many times as much.

An average luxury yacht of the 700-ton class can cost £100,000. One recently launched will cost £250,000 before it is ready for commission.

"Down below" every feature of the furnishings is as little like the sea as possible.

Most of the furniture is specially made, again of rare and expensive woods. The dining-saloon is panelled and decorated like the dining-room of a Mayfair mansion.

Eight or nine cabins are placed along the carpeted and panelled corridors leading from the lounge.

Each cabin contains a bed—none of your common bunks—each has its own built-in furniture and special colour scheme, indirect lighting, and every imaginable detail of refinement.

There are four or five bathrooms, on which every ingenuity has been lavished with a careless hand.

Lest the guests' matutinal tub is spoiled by the sight of rivets dripping rusty water, the walls and floor are covered with a composition like glass, stained azure or pink, or palest green. The bath itself is of coloured porcelain.

Skilled chefs

Up on deck again and amidships is the guests' galley, presided over by the host's own chef or some culinary artist hired for the term of the yacht's commission.

It is a kitchen which would not shame a mansion. Electrical ranges in gleaming silver and white enamel, and every device that will ensure that the chef's seven-course dreams find adequate expression.

Even if they have adventured on the heaving deep, the guests' appetites must not be assailed by its simple and traditional dishes. The only bond this yacht has with the sea is that it floats on water.

Out on deck again and up on the tiny bridge it looks a little more shipshape. Here again the owner's passbook has not gone ca'canny.

All the latest and most expensive nautical devices are here—gyroscopic compasses and automatic helmsman and other gadgets not out of place on a battleship's bridge or an ocean-going liner.

Forward are the crew's quarters. On these latest luxury yachts the forecastle has tiny double cabins, with a folding cot bed for each man.

They are pleasant quarters, and compared to the living den which still disgraces the average British merchant ship, they are a paradise.

A few of the large yachts have a separate galley for the crew, but as a rule they draw their food from the owner's galley, receiving much the same food as the guests, "bar the caviare and the trimmings."

In case the dazed visitor should think after this inspection that he has seen something rare in luxury yachts, it can be mentioned that there are quite two hundred of this class on the English register alone.

And all this luxury [illegible] careless outpouring of money in the pleasure yacht, is enjoyed for a brief period only.

Few of these yachts stay in commission for more than two months of the year. Very few of them go beyond British waters.

Whilst they are in commission they cost their owners anything over £1,000 a week.

For the rest of the year they are laid up in the boat docks, and overhaul, maintenance and other costs run away with as much as £200 a week.

The crew are generally on a retainer during the whole of the year spent out of commission, the captain or first mate staying by the boat and acting as owner's manager or "ship's husband."

The captain is almost always an experienced mariner with a "certificate" master's ticket.

Thanks to Midas

Incidentally, owing to some peculiarity in English law, there is no necessity for a master of a private vessel to have a Board of Trade certificate.

So far as the law is concerned, the owner's groom could take command and blunder about the seven seas at his will.

No doubt the owner of a luxury yacht considers his money well spent. That it is worth while to the country there can be no question.

Luxury yachting provides employment for between 70,000 and 80,000 people. Hosts of tradesmen, dozens of shipyard and allied industries, and in some cases whole towns and villages live upon the trade it brings.

Apart from money made and spent in this country, a large amount is attracted from abroad.

A good yachting season like the one we have just had means a whole host of orders from abroad for boats.

Shipbuilding yards and the trade are looking forward to at least £500,000 worth of new orders this year. Two £160,000 "jobs" for rich Americans have just been launched.

Thus Midas does his little bit for the country's good.

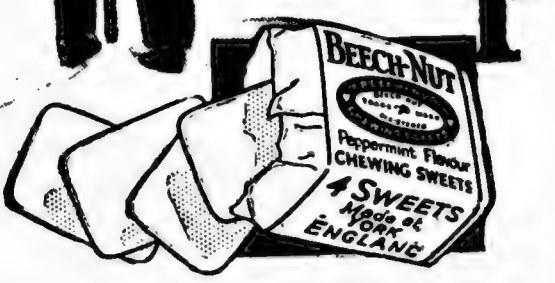
These three all-England cricketers are ***BEECH-NUT*** *enthusiasts*

A Test of Popularity

Wherever bat meets ball, wherever cricket is played and watched, there you'll find BEECH-NUT Chewing Sweets cooling parched throats, steadying nerves, adding to the zest of players and spectators alike. The next time *you* play cricket, or watch it, get a packet of BEECH-NUT and see how much it adds to your enjoyment of the game. Just ask for BEECH-NUT at any convenient sweet-shop.

Beech-Nut
Chewing Sweets

1D



B.N.56

KEEP YOUR MONEY FOR A RAINY DAY

BLANFORDS WAY-MEANS EASY TO PAY!

REMARKABLE OFFER

MATRONS' HEAVY QUALITY ART. SILK, LOCK-KNIT FROCKS

FOR **1/-** DOWN

PRICE 16/11

John Blanford (DEPT. J.B.V.), 1, 2 & 3, BATH ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

Open 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Thursday 1 p.m. Saturday 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

"Nothing suits me better than a CAPSTAN."

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

For the Pipe Smoker
"CAPSTAN" CURLY CUT
1-oz. foil packets 1/- 2-oz. airtight tins 2/-

JB

cc.200

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"**Two years ago I was bald** all over the top of my head.

"**I felt ashamed** for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko.

"**New hair came almost immediately** and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 7, Perry Street (53R.F.), London, W.1. JB

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

JB

LESS THAN 6D. PER GALLON

GOOD as Mason's

HOME BREWED BEER

A Delicious and non-intoxicating drink brewed at home from

MASON'S
EXTRACT of HERBS

Buy a 9d. bottle today from your grocer, chemist or stores & become your own brewer

NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd. NOTTINGHAM.

Summer games demand strength and stamina. Keep yourself always in form with the wealth of nourishment contained in

'OVALTINE' Served COLD

Prices in Great Britain & N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

JB P.657

IF U.S. RAN B.B.C.

Merlin Hall Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Corporation of America

by CECIL LEWIS

(formerly "Uncle Caractacus" of the B.B.C.)

A GOOD many years spent in helping to build up and direct British broadcasting is an interesting background to take over to New York at the invitation of American broadcasters, and a short, intensive study of radio in the States is a great stimulus to bring home.

American broadcasting stations come under two heads.

There are those actually owned by manufacturers or distributors of everyday goods, and there are those run simply as business ventures to sell programme-time to any organisation that wants to advertise its goods in this manner.

There are also agencies similarly constituted to advertising agencies, which deal in programme-time in the same manner as the advertising agency deals in newspaper space.

Programmes are arranged by the advertiser to the standard set by the particular station from which the programme is to be broadcast.

In most cases the advertiser, either directly or through an agency, engages the necessary artists.

America's problem is how to control the advertiser and raise programme standards; Britain's problem is how to get rid of bureaucracy and diversify programme standards.

America is vulgar, but variable; Britain is good, but dull.

Flattening process

At first sight, the two points of view seem poles apart; but, given initiative and a desire to improve, Britain might well graft on to her present system most of the good in America.

The best feature in the American commercial system is the contrast achieved by having half a dozen publicity men, all with different personalities and ideas, turned on to the job of programme building.

The worst feature in British broadcasting is that every programme, every programme-idea even, has to pass the same committee, goes through the same routine, and comes out compromised on, colourless and flat.

How often, in the B.B.C., have I seen the original idea, which in the hands of the man who thought of it might have carried the imprint of one personality to the microphone, passed round "For your remarks, please!" until the originator, tired of his own thought, gave it up, or started on something else—which met with the same fate.

I hit on the American idea some years ago—that of getting different men to do different special programmes, making them responsible for certain hours only, and giving them time and freedom from routine to make their programmes worth while.

In fact, getting a fresh "slant" into programmes by the free use of a fresh brain.

Fatuous

The department was to be called the Programme Research Department, and into it were to be drafted all the young men in the B.B.C. whose past work showed initiative, keenness and promise.

The idea was turned down flat. You see it was difficult to account for the expenditure. What were these men to do? Raise programme standards. How can you judge that? It is a nebulous quantity.

What *is* programme standard? How can the governors justify salaries paid from public money, grossing perhaps £3,000 a year, for staff which can't be pigeonholed as contributing so much definite service to the machine?

All fatuous excuses; but that is the sort of thing initiative is always up against in semi-governmental concerns.

Actually, at the present moment, some sort of special programme department does exist; but its activities are still censorable by the final board.

It is sad for the Englishman to say it; but in this country the desire for initiative is steadily and rapidly dying. Things are supposed to be good enough as they are.

A feeble child

The B.B.C. is the youngest national institution existing. Already, such is the influence of politics and governors, it is becoming sterilised and atrophied.

What would America do with the situation, assuming our licensing conditions and unified control—the two things which make it still the finest broadcasting system in the world?

The first thing the American Director-General would do would be to demand more wave-lengths. He would establish the necessity for at least three alternative programmes covering the entire broadcasting areas.

He would immediately lease one of these wave-lengths to the advertiser, who would then be able to buy "air" as in the States.

It would substantially add to his revenue, and he would only have to watch it a little for programme balance.

He would give these advertisers a free hand, stipulating decency, but nothing else, and turn his attention to the other two wave-lengths.

Of course, there would be all sorts of troubles; but the answer to the listener can always be: "If you don't like it, switch on to the two other wave-lengths. You are getting a good deal for your ten shillings a year."

The effect of this advertisers' wave-length would be a complete contrast in programme mentality, and an immediate stimulus to the B.B.C. staff, who for the first time in their lives, would have something up against them, and put forth their strength accordingly.

The next thing to do would be have a more clearly defined wa length contrast than at present

One wave-length would be called specialists' wave. It would carry education, uplift, and special infor tion up till seven, and thereafter with minority programmes, chan music, young poets, experimental pl debates, etc.—all savoured well regularly with controversy.

It might, in fact, be called the troversial wave-length.

On it the listener would expect find something requiring his attent possibly his concentration. He w hear things to shock and stimul him, make him think, argue, get a —in other words, live!

The remaining wave-length wo concentrate on the stuff that ma Old England what she is—that is, b bands, popular classics, ballad conc and variety—and all the changes t can be rung on them—together wit few living statues like Sir Oliver Lo and Sir Walford Davies thrown in their beautiful microphone bed manner.

Make "mike" bite

Having set the Broadcasting H in order, what would happen? advertisers would at once rush to lightest entertainment, their busi being to reach the largest pu possible.

The B.B.C. would thus have a co and tiresome part of programm building off its hands. It would c tinue sending the public to sleep on other wave-length, and so much w them up on the third that oth would go about like gold in Wall St —in armoured cars.

Broadcasting would, in other wor become a stimulant instead of a d It would retain its essential qualit stimulated by competition, deve others, and be alive instead of dead

Perhaps this is not what an Ame can would do. But it is what I w back from America, would do that's the nearest I can get to it.

Uncomfortable

'FULNESS' AFTER EATING

is really INDIGESTION

INDIGESTION does not always take the form of stomach pain, but often reveals itself in drowsiness, 'heaviness' or feelings of 'fulness' after meals. Whether serious or slight, digestive trouble is nearly always due to excess acid, which interrupts digestion, ferments food and generates unpleasant gases. These gases distend the stomach, and thus cause nausea, 'full' feeling and even palpitation. You can avoid this and get quick relief by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Instantly the excess acid that causes the trouble is neutralised; fermentation stops; pain disappears and your inflamed stomach lining is soothed. There is no need to suffer uncomfortable, after-meal 'fulness' which is really indigestion, a 1/3 packet of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets will banish stomach trouble.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN or ACIDITY.

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER BEST & PUREST

£212 IN PRIZES FOR "DIPLOMA" LIMERICK LINES

There was a young blonde of Herne Bay
Who bathed from her car every day;
Mrs. Grundy turned white
At the terrible sight

PRIZES

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £5
5th PRIZE £2

250 PARCELS (each value 10/-).
"DIPLOMA" PURE FOODS

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

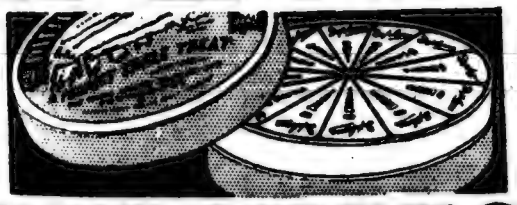
Competition (Dept. 7)

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, August 8, 1930.**

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA



Cheddar or Cheshire

6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D136

NOTE: 'MOONRAKER' EMPIRE CHEESE labels may be used.

FREE

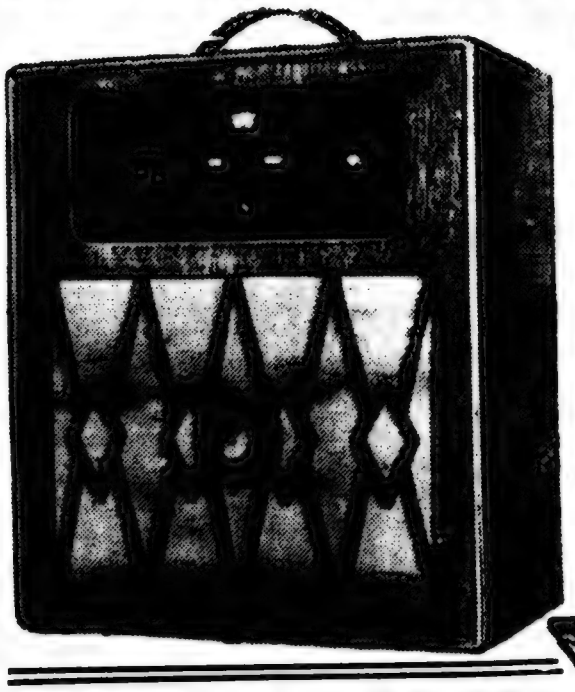
Receive Gift FIRST Collect Coupons AFTER!

A NEW STANDARD IN 10 for 6d. CIGARETTES.

Here is a new Cigarette that is not only cool and smooth but really satisfying. "Navy Club" Cigarettes were only introduced a short while ago and the demand is increasing by leaps and bounds, a sure sign of their popularity. Don't delay, call at the first Tobacconist you pass and buy a packet of "Navy Club" Cigarettes.

Your First Packet qualifies you for this Splendid Gift.

NOTHING to approach this offer has ever been made before. You can get delivery of your gift immediately and simply send us coupons as you smoke —until you have collected the required number. Send the coupon at the foot of this advertisement and you will receive FREE 25 Bonus COUPONS and full particulars how to get the gifts at once without any payments whatsoever.



FREE — A 23-Guinea 5 Valve "DENNIS" Super Portable

Cuts out London or local Stations with one simple turn and brings in at your will: Paris, Berlin, Hilversum, Langenburg, Madrid, Hamburg, Oslo, Budapest, Turin, Huizen, Toulouse, and numerous other stations. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
Mahogany case, Single Tuning Dial, Mullard Valves, Stadion Batteries. Equipped for Gramophone Pick-up.

This celebrated full-size "CHELLOPHONE" Portable

Strongly made case, best quality fittings and lid Pocket for 8 Records. Latest improved Sound Box. Non-Spillable Needle Box. 10 in. Plush Turntable and exceptionally strong Motor. Rich and beautiful sound reproduction.

You can also have the Gramophone with 26 Best quality Records and collect your coupons afterwards.

For 295 coupons

Many other Valuable Gifts from 10 Coupons up.

Navy Club VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6d.
20 for 1/-

FREE COUPON

FREE If you post this Coupon To-day
25 COUPONS —Cash Value 3/4

Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope and enclose one empty carton of Navy Club Cigarettes to
L. & J. FABIAN (DEPT. C.B.18).
74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
Please send me 25 FREE Bonus Coupons, with list of gifts and particulars of
HOW I CAN GET AT ONCE,
without any cash payment whatsoever, the "DENNIS" Super Five-Valve Portable and/or the "CHELLOPHONE" Portable Gramophone, with Twenty-six 3/- records
& COLLECT COUPONS AFTERWARDS
I enclose one Navy Club empty carton.

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ADDRESS.....
TOWN ..... COUNTY .....
—Branch of the GENERAL TOBACCO CO., LTD.

Great Children's Holiday SAND CASTLE COMPETITIONS

PRIZES VALUE £150

35 Handsome Prizes and a large number of Consolation Gifts awarded every week during August in two classes:—
Class A—for Tiny Tots up to 8 years of age.
Class B—for Boys and Girls from 8-15 years of age.

All you need do is to build a Sand Castle and send a pencil sketch (or photo) of it with your name and address and age to Suchard's Competition Dept., Mather & Crowther, Ltd., New Bridge St., London, E.C.4. Each entry must be accompanied by an outside wrapper taken from any packet of

SUCHARD Chocolates

(Velma, Milka, Cafola, etc.).

Entries close every Saturday, and names of winners will be announced the following Saturday in the "Daily Mirror."

If you want a *Reliable* Watch Turn to Page 241

How to Remove Unwanted Hair

Do away with old-fashioned methods. When you cut hair it is like trimming a hedge; you simply make it grow faster and thicker just as the hair on a youth's face quicky turns into a coarse and bristly beard. Thousands are finding Veet offers the ideal method for keeping the arms and limbs free from unsightly hair. You spread on this perfumed velvety cream as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money back. 1/6 and 3/- everywhere.

V.63

VAPEX
INHALANT

Everybody knows that "Vapex" is good for colds, but the "Magic Drop" has many other valuable uses.

Keep "Vapex" at hand in the summer as well as in winter, because it will enable you to avoid

Catarrh

This is very prevalent in summer-time, and the dust in the air is highly irritating unless the delicate mucous membrane is cleansed and protected with the antiseptic "Vapex" vapour.

Hay Fever

People subject to this complaint will find "Vapex" gives great relief, whilst its regular use affords a wonderful measure of protection.

Insect Stings

Mosquitoes and other insects are repelled by the "Vapex" vapour. If you have been stung, a drop of "Vapex" applied to the affected part will give great relief and act as a valuable emergency antiseptic.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.,
BARDSLEY VALE

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO., Ltd.

Difficult Shipping Conditions.

The 30th annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Company, Limited, was held on July 23rd at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.

Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bt., who presided, said that the balance sheet was one which he felt perfectly sure would be regarded by all shareholders as entirely satisfactory.

Notwithstanding a reduction in profit, they were in a position, after paying their preference share dividend, to maintain the ordinary dividend at 10 per cent. per annum and to put aside for depreciation the same amount as a year ago, viz., £250,000, leaving the amount to be carried forward to the current year at £236,171, which was approximately £28,000 less than the amount brought in. It was common knowledge that the shipping industry was passing through a most difficult period. The simple and elementary cause, viz., the excess of supply over demand, was equally common knowledge and common to a good many other industries to-day, but the fundamental reasons for this state of affairs were both difficult to elucidate and impossible—so far as shipowners are concerned—to control. So far as his knowledge went there was at present no lack of production, either of foodstuffs, raw materials or manufactured articles. Yet there was no active movement. It could therefore be fairly assumed that, to some extent, the trouble lies in the contraction of buying power brought about by the contraction of credit. He viewed the future with a greater measure of optimism than he had felt for some time past. At any rate they had backed their faith in the future by building new tonnage of the most efficient and economical type for one service after another, so as to keep their organisation continually "on its toes."

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

EAST MEETS WEST *in*

I AM one of your many Indian readers interested in "Human Documents." Although these mostly deal with English social life, we Indians are confronted with precisely the same sort of problems when it comes to love and marriage.

I came to England in my 'teens to finish my education at one of the older universities. While in London I met a charming English girl behind the counter of a shop.

I fell in love on the spot, and she showed no disinclination to my advances. On the contrary, she readily agreed to meet me.

Thenceforward we met frequently, and when I proposed marriage the lady accepted We were extremely happy for a few weeks, and when my terms ended we came out to India.

Here my wife has learned that previous to taking up my English studies I had been married to a girl of my own nationality.

It was a customary child marriage, arranged for us, and was taken as a matter of course until reformers set against them

The girl was left, as is also often the custom, with her parents, and I honestly believed when I married my English wife that she was dead.

I admit that the only thing I had to go upon was a telegram informing me that she was on her deathbed. She had been seized by an epidemic then raging in India.

From that day to this I never heard a word about her.

My English wife is dissatisfied. She accuses me of wilful deceit and bigamy, and threatens to take legal action.

AGAINST this I have a startling fact to oppose. After seven months of married life, a little daughter has been born who does not resemble me in the slightest degree, confirming my suspicion, which grew after the first few days of marriage.

Obviously my English bride was an expectant mother when I met her, which may explain her willingness to fall in with my proposals.

"HUMANIST" says: The fact has no bearing upon the bigamy which you certainly committed unless your first wife died before your second marriage.

Find out the truth. If your Indian wife lives, the English woman is free, although it will still be open to her to take legal action for support of her child.

I make no comment on the tragedy of mixed marriages.

"HOW'S THE WITCH?"

—*an orphan's peril*

MY sister is a hunchback from birth. Being orphans, she keeps house for me. We have jogged along very comfortably, though I earn only small wages.

One day at work a mate greeted me with a grin, asking "How's the witch?"

Puzzled, I demanded an explanation, and was informed that my sister, during my absences, had a constant stream of women and girls visiting the house, and that she was telling their fortunes for a few pence a time.

Horribly annoyed, I taxed my sister with the business, only to be told that "people had dubbed her a witch and she intended to be a witch and make them pay for their impudence."

Arguing the matter, she adds that she finds the extra weekly income more than acceptable, since I don't appear able to earn enough to keep the two of us in comfort.

The climax came this week when I returned from work to find my sister with a girl poring over the cards spread out before them. I swept the lot off the table, and, losing my temper, ordered the visitor out.

Now my sister weeps and upbraids me miserably for robbing her of the only chance she has to make a bit of money. So I am doubly worried.

She is too handicapped by her physical disability to go out to work, yet I know only too well that if she practises her "black arts" in secret she is heading for police trouble.

"HUMANIST" says: Get your sister into touch with some cheerful organisation of women in your neighbourhood. She will gain a wider and brighter outlook upon life.

The right sort of friends might also be able to find her light employment, such as needlework, to earn a few shillings.

Human Documents

Odd Marriage *Tangle*

HERE you read some tough problems of real life and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d

SUICIDE JOKE

of deranged girl

LIVING alone in a pretty country cottage, a few weeks ago some friends in town wrote that their daughter, not much younger than myself, was badly in need of a change, and begged that I would invite her to stay with me for a holiday.

This I did, rather pleased at the thought of having company.

The girl arrived, and while we were at tea I felt she was rather strange in her manner. Later, she appeared normal, but each day the periods of strangeness became more frequent and more prolonged.

She calls me by odd names and entirely forgets my real one. Occasionally she will turn on me fiercely and demand to know what I am staring at.

She prefers to go out alone, leaving me in terrors of anxiety, for when I go out with her she laughs and says, "Wouldn't it be a joke to throw oneself under a bus?"

She gives her money away to quite respectable people in the street, who don't know what to make of her.

My nerves are on edge, as I don't like to write all this to her people, but I feel I can't go on as we are doing.—

"HUMANIST" says: Write at once to your friends and insist that they fetch the girl away. She is obviously mentally deranged, and in need of medical attention and nursing.

Wanted—A Friend

When a man has lost his best friend, work, he needs your friendship. See "The Greatest of These—" Fund, page 34.

BAD BARGAIN

by post

WHEN single, my husband inserted an advertisement in a matrimonial paper for correspondence with a view to matrimony.

I answered the advertisement, and my letter brought a very pleasant reply. We lived in different counties, and corresponded quite regularly for two years before a meeting took place.

The man's letters were most loving. He was always promising what he would do for me if only I would leave my home town to marry him.

In the end I came to the small town where we now live and the ma took place. For a fortnight I quite deliriously happy.

Then a change took place I covered the man was a heavy dr and when in liquor he would be

He kept me so short of money I was always in a state of semi-st tion, and on more than one oc he administered heavy kicks.

When he learned that I was t come a mother, he went out an drunk.

Returning at midnight, he dr me out of bed and kicked me as on the floor. When I tried t him off, he bit my arm until h nearly met.

HE earns £2 7s. a week, and me £1 for all the housek even now baby is born. Does treatment give me grounds for a separation.

"HUMANIST" says: Your suffer due to marrying a man of whom knew nothing. Try to mend ma by taking your case to court

If you can get neighbours to c borate your story of ill-treatment should be able to procure a ma separation, with maintenance.

THE DRUDGE

is lonely now

BROUGHT up in a remote co district, I left school at tw a half-timer. I went into ser as a mere chit, my only am ment being a surreptitious glance cheap novelette.

When the annual pleasure fair ca round, an elderly gentleman paid some attention and bought me present.

He seemed pleased to hear of being fond of reading, and when said it was a pity one evening sh end our acquaintanceship, and that would write to me, I felt like heroine of one of my novelettes.

We corresponded quite regularly. I told him about myself. Then he s that, though he was old enough to my grandfather, his ample me might counterbalance the difference I married him.

I jumped at the chance to be "lady," married, and immedia found out my mistake. The man penniless, heavily in debt, and nothing to his name but a miser teashop which was not paying.

He had secured me to be his drud and knockabout.

A BABY was born, but I was ha starved and over-worked, and died.

Yet, in spite of all, I stuck to my b bargain and was a good wife for sixte long years until he passed away in arms.

In all those long years I never kn a moment's real happiness, and here am alone, "fair, fat and forty," feelin dreary because even running a pay tea-shop isn't much fun when there no one to share it.

"HUMANIST" says: Why not adopt child to fill the gap left by the one y lost. There are plenty of motherle little ones needing good homes.

If you took one, it would remove t ache of loneliness and give you some thing to live for.

For True Economy

—another reason why Gibbs Dentifrice is the favourite family Dentifrice

Gibbs Dentifrice is inexpensive to buy—and it is long-lasting. It gives several times the service of ordinary pastes and powders.

When you use Gibbs—the British—Dentifrice, all decay-causing deposits are dissolved and swept cleanly away. The fragrant antiseptic foam penetrates deeply into every crevice and cranny of the teeth—purifying the remote recesses—the real danger-spots.

Gibbs Dentifrice polishes gently, bringing out the natural pearly brilliance of healthy teeth. Gums are toned up—made firm and rosy. Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice to-day.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

Popular size 7½d.; Larger size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d.
For those who prefer a paste, Gibbs Dental Cream—in Tubes 6d. and 1/-.
(These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State)

D. & W. GIBBS Ltd. LONDON, E.1

BRITISH MADE

Delicious for tea

The official seal is the sign of Genuine Norwegian Brisling—look for it on every tin.

IF YOU LIKE SARDINES YOU WILL LIKE NORWEGIAN BRISLING BETTER!

The Seal of Quality

A MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION FOR A SHILLING!

NO MORE SHINY NOSES

POUDRE TOKALON

Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

STAYS ON ALL DAY

The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions, 1/- a box, large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3. Refills 9d.

Free Trial. De-luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades and Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.). Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 974A), 212-224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

6 MONTHS GUARANTEE

FLANNEL TROUSERS OFFER!

As a special inducement we are selling a Gents PULLOVER together with a Pair of FLANNEL TROUSERS for 19/11.

The trousers are well tailored, cut on West-end lines loops & side-straps. Permanent turn-ups. Flannel that will give wonderful wear. Do not confuse this offer with a cheap Flannel Trousers offer. We were selling the same Trousers alone last year at 25/11.

FOR 1/- DOWN

Send waist and inside leg measurements. Also send 1/- and agree to pay 4/- per month.

JOHN BLANFORD, Ltd (Dept. J.B.V/D), 1, 3 & 5, Bath Street, City Road, LONDON, E.C.1.

HEART and Nerve TROUBLE?

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic (No. 632) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition and stops your falling to pieces feeling.

Post free from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD., CHEMISTS (Dept. J.B. 42), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

Also obtainable from all Shadforth Branches.

£600 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 72

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following six competitors, who thus share the £550 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £91 13s. 4d. will be despatched:—

Mrs. T. Forbes, Skene Place, Bellshill, Lanarks.
Miss J. Goode, 115, North Court Avenue, Reading.
J. Greenwood, 236 (1), Huddersfield Road, Oldham.
Miss J. McGeeney, Killycarron, Markethill, Armagh.
B. Nicholay, Little Rings, Rudgwick, Sussex.
Mrs. Watson, South View, New Balderton, Newark.

Solutions containing one error each were received from the following 71 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving 14s. 2d.:—

Archbold, A., Kia-Ora, Craster, Northumberland; Armstrong, R., 76, Cromer St., King's Cross, W.C.1; Bardsley Mrs. A., 14, Tenby Rd., Cheadle Heath, Stockport; Barlow, Miss J., 3, Colemeadow Rd., Billesley, Birmingham; Barry, Miss N., 44, Caerleon Rd., Newport, Mon.; Bolton, F., 193, Winsover Rd., Spalding, Lincs; Bowden, Miss V., 259, North Rd., Cardiff; Britton, C., 100, Victoria Rd., Fleur-de-Lis, S. Wales; Brown, Mrs. A., Burgh-on-Bain, Lincoln; Brown, Mrs. M., Watford House, Old Windsor Berks; Brown, O. H., 3, St. John's Terrace, St. John's, Guernsey, C.I.; Buckley, D., 136, Station Lane, Wombwell, Nr. Barnsley; Burkert, Miss A., 61, Tomlinson St., Horwich, Lancs; Burton, G. W., 24, Lime Tree Av., Darley Dale, Derbyshire; Clapham, Mrs. E., 54, Upper Haugh, Rawmarsh, Rotherham; Cooper, R. T. 35, High Beveridgewell, Dunfermline; Cooper, Mrs. L., 800, Seven Sisters Rd., N.15; Croxen, E. A., 34, Blackstone Rd., Dalston, E.8; Davies, F. G., Wellington Inn, Ball of Ditton, Nr. Widnes, Lancs; Dawson, Mrs. E. L., c/o W. L. Dawson, R.A.F., Bucknall, Nr. Nottingham; Dobson, R., 78, Wakeman Rd., N.W.10; Evans, Mrs. D. M., 57, Tydraw St., Port Talbot; Evans, G. L., "Noddfa," Llwynhendy, Llanelly; Foster, G. A., 4, Nashville Rd., Keighley; Fuller, Mrs. L., 69, Exeter St., Bradford; Gascoigne, Mrs., 187, Luton Rd., Dunstable; Graham, A., 51, Pyefield St., Glasgow, S.E.; Greatrex, T., 82, Wood Rd., Treforest, Glam.; Green, Mrs. H., 1, Dove Cottage, Chigwell Row, Essex; Hale, Mrs. L. M., 6/41, Heaton St., Hockley, Birmingham; Harris, T. T., 2, Capel Rd., Clydach, Swansea; Heap, Mrs. E., 1, Lord Street, Blackpool; Henderson, Miss A., 42, Cliffe Rd., Bradford; Hipperson, Miss E., 14, Selby St., Lowestoft; Holliday, A., 18, Churchill St., C.-on-M., Manchester; Hughes, C., 30, Margam Terr., Port Talbot; Johnston, Mrs. A., 33, Parrs Wood Ave., Didsbury, Manchester; Lawson, Mrs. A., 83, Starbank Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham; Legeyt, Mrs. —, 3, Chalfont St., Trafford Rd., Salford, Lancs; Linford, P., 73, Station St., S. Wigston, Leicester; Macintosh, Miss J., 5, Allan Place, Dumbarton; Mathieson, D., 2, Linton Ave., Bury; Merrix, W., 148, Shireland Rd., Smethwick; Nimmo, J., John St., Sacriston, Durham; O'Malley, A., 32, Ct. George St., Rochdale, Lancs; Oxborrow, G. (A.B.), Mess 14, H.M.S. Argus, Devonport; Packham, R. S., 11, Khama Rd., Tooting, S.W.17; Palmer, H. S., 10, Pretoria St., Hull; Perry, Mrs., 70, Sixth Avenue, Manor Park, E.12; Pilkington, G. E., 6, Millet Terr., Birtle, Nr. Bury; Pipe, Mrs. J., Pettough, Stowmarket, Suffolk; Powell, H., 64, China St., Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent; Railton, Isaac, 15, South Row, Bedlington, Northumberland; Redfern, Mrs. —, 11, Oak Rd., Cheadle, Cheshire; Rees, D. S., 55, Havard Rd., Llanelly; Scott, J., 60, William St., W. Gorton, Manchester; Sheridan, J. W., 70, Eastville St., Nottingham; Shorrock, Miss A., 13, Potter St., Bury; Small, A. M., 1, Evens Terr., W.B., Bradford; Stockton, W. E., 30, Argyle St., Newtown, Wigan; Sykes, M., 27, Alexandra Terr., Heckmondwike, Yorks; Thompson, Mrs., Mains of Glassel, Aberdeenshire; Timoney, Mrs. B., Forest Edge, East End, Lymington, Hants; Vine, A. E., Market Place, Ross-on-Wye; Wade, Mrs. K., 7, Vale St., Sowerby Bridge, Yorks; Walker, H., Dale View, Bradwell, Sheffield; Ward, T., 51, Alliance Way, Stoke, Coventry; Whitehead, J. A., Park Cottage, Roundhay, Leeds; Wright, G., 1, Chestnut Cres, Ribbleton, Preston; Yates, R., 3, Thompson St., Thatto Heath, St. Helens, Lancs; Young, Mrs. S., 64, Quay Rd., Bridlington.

Another £600 X-Word appears on page 32. Try Your Skill Now.

A WELL-KNOWN CHESHIRE LADY

has sent us the snapshot from which this illustration is taken, and says: "For two years my children have been trying to teach our dog to beg, but the most he will do is to stand up on his hind legs, and the only times he will do this is when he is told to *SIT UP AND ASK FOR YOUR BOB MARTIN.*"

Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system, curing and preventing all ailments due to poor blood condition such as *Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Dull and Loose Coat, and Swellings between the Toes.*

6d. per packet of 9 powders from Dog Biscuit Shops, Chemists & Stores. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Dog Medicine Manufacturers, Southport, Lo

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

TAKE OUR ADVICE
Bet with
"THE BIG TWO"
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
and be sure of your Winnings!

LETTERS!

If your letter is forwarded in accordance with their rules and bears a time-stamp not later than

SET TIME OF RACE
—— YOU ARE ON ——
—— NO LIMIT ——
WIN OR PLACE.

Books Open on
ST. LEGER,
CESAREWITCH and CAMBRIDGESHIRE
Write at once for lists.

DAVID COP
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.)
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

THE WORLD'S Most Difficult Job

THE old world is still lacking in peace or good will. Industrial strife, as exemplified by continual lock-outs and strikes; wars that spring from nowhere; nations arming frantically, and rumours of war, show that we are still far from the ideals of Christianity.

This is the world's most difficult job in the days to come—to fill a beautiful world with beautiful feelings, that peace may eventually be triumphant.—*League of Nations Member, Hull.*

The King Sighs

The King has to maintain the majesty becoming the Emperor of the British Empire without arrogance, meeting the never-ending demands of State duties, exercising tact with all parties, and preserving a dignity before the whole world with offence to few.

Yet King George succeeds. But how he must often sigh for that freedom enjoyed by the meanest of his subjects. —*S., Oldham.*

Gets His Goat

The Prime Minister's task of helping to shape the destiny of this country during one of the most trying periods in history calls for unfailing tact.

His own Party, the members of which should be his staunchest supporters, is full of dissension.

Apart from this, to have one's every word and action misconstrued and criticised by thousands, many having no knowledge of politics, must be galling in the extreme.—*A. Souter, Lakenham.*

She Does It!

A slum mother has to keep a home going on a very casual income, comparable usually with a miserable pittance; to feed many hungry mouths and keep her kiddies respectably clad.

She denies herself necessities that her bairns shall not want; enduring the pangs of child-birth in circumstances often unfit for a dog—and withal keeping a cheerful smile playing about her lips.

So difficult must be her task that only the instinct of real mother-love can give her the strength to make its accomplishment possible.—*Robert W. Lock, S. Devon.*

Child's Play

A baker by trade, I have often worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day in a hot, steamy, and often insanitary bakehouse. But it was only child's play compared with my present job.

I am now an old-age pensioner, unable to work, and my only income is the 10s. per week.

To exist on that amount—I need not say live—is about the worst job I knew —*Ulster Pensioner.*

Daily Burial

Whose task can compete with that of the miner?

Day after day, night after night, his task goes on, with nothing to see but the dim, yellow light given by a lamp.

Deep into the earth, who knows when he may see daylight again?—perhaps never.

Dank earthy smells issue from newly-opened cuttings, ankle-deep in water.

His back is at breaking-point, his stomach cramped into all positions. Who can wonder at illness spreading? —*W. Frisby, Wortley.*

More Kicks

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has the most unenviable task.

Invariably his predecessor has left him a deficit to be made good, and he is entrusted with the task of balancing the revenue and the expenditure of the nation.

The difficulty and responsibility of his job are only equalled by its thanklessness.—*F. Copeland, Staindrop S.O.*

A Heart of Stone

The interviewer of applicants for work on a big firm has a tragically difficult job. His duty to his employers forbids sympathy with the unfortunates to

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 5.

Why I Want (Don't Want) to Live to be 100

interfere with his judgment of who is the best person for the vacant post.

He must listen day after day to heart-rending stories of struggles against misfortune, and yet turn the tellers empty away.—*W. L., London.*

Poor Editor!

To edit a newspaper and remain the captain of one's soul.

The paper must represent honest fact, without sensationalism. It must create an atmosphere that will hold its wide circle of readers. It must be the guide, philosopher and friend of the masses.

Tact, decision and personality are needed in dealing with staff and proprietors, and wisdom, discretion and infinite patience in catering for the public.

And, withal, it must be made to pay. —*B. M. B., Kent.*

Full-Timer

Every Sunday I preach four times, once at a military camp, and then in villages, also having Communion services.

During the week there are four or five services or meetings in different chapels.

This means an average of an address a day to prepare in the mornings, interrupted by letter-writing and callers who want help in a hundred ways.

Afternoons are spent in travelling on a cycle to visit houses in villages before the evening meeting, and one returns home at 9 p.m.—*A. C. Blain, Lincoln.*

Mental Strain

I claim to share the world's most difficult job—elementary school teaching.

The material we work upon is not only alive, but of such an impressionable and sensitive nature that a mistake is irreparable.

The physical strain of continued standing and talking and the mental strain of trying to produce educative co-operation out of a class of [illegible] and often antagonistic [illegible] home training and indifferent [illegible] a job of unparalleled difficulty. —*Knight, Bristol.*

Ghostly Dreams

Who would be the public hangman? Though the culprit is paying the penalty for murder, the job of hanging a fellow-creature is a horrible one.

There are many disagreeable occupations, but surely none worse than this, where a man will be haunted all his days by the ghosts of men, maybe women, whom he has sent to eternity. —*P. W. Bell, Leith.*

Clouded Sky

The employment exchange official has to watch men lose hope and gradually deteriorate, and this must be agonising to the sensitive man.

It requires courage of a high order to retain one's human sympathy in the face of the daily tragedies of the change.

Where the work is so drab, and where brightness so seldom enters, it is most difficult to avoid depression, and the heart must often be heavy. —*Ernest Graves, Hull.*

On the Rocks

The lighthouse-keeper has to be on the alert constantly, whether well or ill. He is cut off from all social life.

At the mercy of thunderstorms in summer and fierce tempests in winter, without domestic life, he is always in a state of anxiety about his lights, as the slightest omission or delay might cause disaster.

He feels also that a careless generation gives him neither attention nor appreciation.—*J. J. Moran, N.B.*

* * *

Nuts to Crack

The world's most difficult job is a teaching one.—*G. C., Yorks.*

Minding your own business.—*A. Gossip, Lancs.*

The filling of a church in these modern times.—*W. A. S., Aberdeen.*

To be an honest man and a Christian in the full meaning of the word.—*W., Chorlton.*

After one has reached the age of 21 to convince employers that you are well worth employing.—*D. T., Mon.*

"I suggest Indian File"—owned by Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen

Race with "Silver Ring"

CODE CAPTURES

IN the words of the old song, "When your luck is in you can't do anything wrong." I mentioned in my last notes that the Code selections showed a profit of approximately 30 points on a level stake.

Since then Osculator came up at Sandown at 3 to 1, followed by a 20 to 1 Saturday double—Thyestes, 9 to 2, and John Dory, 11 to 4—followed by Tuffan, 7 to 1, at Leicester.

Thyestes, who started joint favourite for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, ran practically untipped; but, in winning the richest juveniles' prize of the year, he was only following in the footsteps of his grandfather, The Tetrarch, and his father, Tetratema.

He is a big, upstanding grey and, providing he stands training, will probably follow his sire's example and pick up the "Guineas."

It struck me in the paddock, however, that his legs would be a constant source of worry to his trainer.

If I remember rightly, The Tetrarch could not be raced as a three-year-old owing to leg trouble.

You can enter in your note-books Thyestes, who finished second to Thyestes as a certain winner shortly. It was the case of a good little 'un taking on an equally good big 'un.

The Chesterfield Cup is one of the last races at Goodwood left for me to tackle. In fact, I have just time to tip a winner of Time.

Double Life, a three-year-old carrying 7 st. 5 lb., won this prize last year and went on to greater deeds. Nick of Time is a three-year-old on the same mark and is also a bit out of the ordinary.

At Alexandra Park I suggest Indian File for the Metropolitan Sale Plate. Maryland Point and Lord Bobs for Saturday, "double."

John Dory and Night Rider, Saturday "double" for Sandown, obliged at 10 to 1.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 31, to Wednesday, August 6.

A S 3 O E J W G P X C Z R
9 I K 2 F M D V Y B Q 5 T

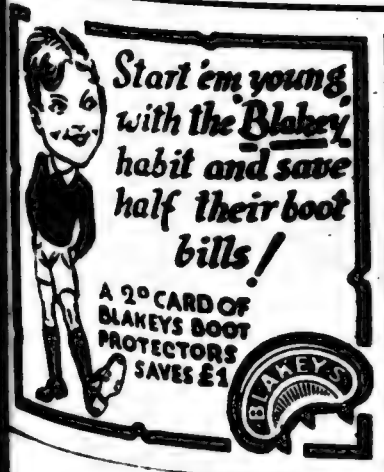
In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Herald* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

32W93 would read KODAK "SILVER RING"

Better Smoke Bachelors

They charm you with their fascinating flavour

BA37F JB PLAYER'S BACHELOR CIGARETTES 10 for 6° 20 for 1/-



PARENTHOOD

A Manual of Birth Control
By MICHAEL FIELDING
with a preface by
H. G. WELLS

New and greatly extended Edition with Diagrams, Bibliography and information as to Clinics, etc. 43,000 copies of the first edition have been sold.

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."—From H. G. Wells preface.

Cloth 3s. 6d. Paper 2s. Postage 2d.

NOEL DOUGLAS
Dept. J.B.4., 38, Great Ormond St., W.C.1

FREE CASH PRIZES.

The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes, for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 27. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese or a label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, Friday, August 8, 1930. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts. Enter at once!

Turn to Page 27—Now!

2/6 DOWN

—and you're riding the fully insured Mead bicycle! Lamp, bell and tools free also Satisfaction guaranteed or money back in full 15 days' free trial. 20 models. Write to-day for free catalogue.

Mead
(Dept. 8770) BIRMINGHAM.

FREE SOLUTIONS FOR THIS JOHN BULL CROSSWORD IN TO-DAY'S EVERYBODY'S

And a Bright Illustrated Magazine with 36 Big Pages full of Short Stories, Pep, Jokes, etc.

This "John Bull" Crossword Puzzle is already solved for you complete with the alternatives you require in **EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY**, on sale everywhere to-day. **EVERYBODY'S**, the complete competition paper, gives solutions for all Crosswords and Picture Puzzles every week. It has already helped readers to win prizes of thousands of pounds and can help you too. And not only with Crosswords, but also with

BULLETS

for Mr Leonard Levens, of 228, Barking Road, London, who **won the first prize of £3,000 and a motor car in Bullets last week, is a regular reader of "Everybody's." He says: "I always take 'Everybody's' as my guide."** **EVERYBODY'S** is fully illustrated, well printed, and well bound, with Short Stories, Articles, Jokes, and a mass of bright and amusing pages all for only twopence. But if you would like to see a copy **FREE**, write to "Everybody's" (Dept. J.B.), 111, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, and a copy will be sent you free and post paid. Remember, **EVERYBODY'S** will give you everything you need to win, and, in addition to that it gives you a complete magazine for holiday reading. The service which is at the disposal of readers is amazing. You can get treated **FREE** by **EVERYBODY'S** Doctor; advised **FREE** by **EVERYBODY'S** Lawyer. There are pages for Women with a special paper pattern service, and a feature for Children with special competitions for the little ones. The Sporting side of **EVERYBODY'S** is contributed by the best sporting writers in the country, including Thomas Moult, Percy Swaffer, etc.

MAKE MONEY AT RACING

If you want a few inspired Racing Selections each week, you can't find better ones anywhere than in **EVERYBODY'S**. The news is supplied by **DOWNSMAN** only, and you are not confused with the conflicting ideas of several Turf correspondents. Gems like **FIROUZE RANEE** at 100/8, and **IRISH PEACH** won 10-1, are some of **DOWNSMAN'S** recent suggestions. **EVERYBODY'S** will duly supply all its readers with the winner of the St. Leger. **DOWNSMAN** is already dealing with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, giving backers advice about the big autumn double. And don't forget that he gave the great 2,500/1 double, **MYRA GRAY** and **INSIGHT II.** Only inspired racing information appears in **EVERYBODY'S**, which is the paper for the occasional backer.

Make sure of your **EVERYBODY'S** by asking your newsagent to deliver it regularly to you, or send for a **FREE** specimen copy.

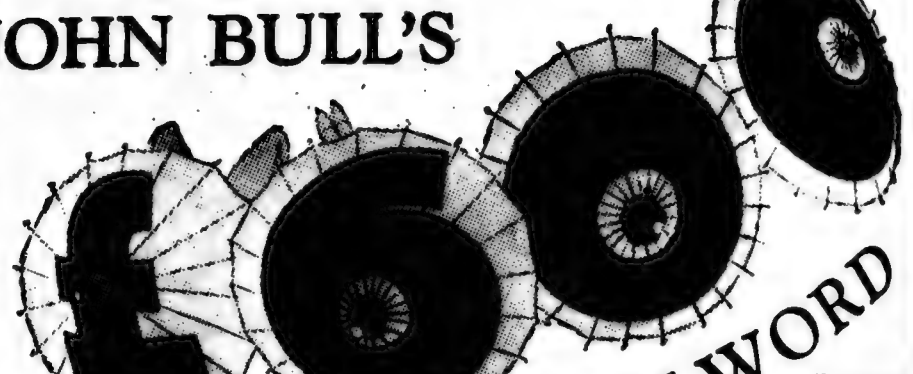
Everybody's

the popular weekly

EVERYWHERE. 36 PAGES. 2d.

Settle down to

JOHN BULL'S £600 X-WORD MUST-BE-WON



Prize now greatly increased!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 75 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), August 7th. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, August 14th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, August 21st. Result of Crossword No. 72 appears on page 29.

IMPROVE the shining hour by entering for JOHN BULL'S X-word Competition. A cool £600 must be won with an extra £50 for runners-up. A little concentration may bring you JOHN BULL'S great £600 cash prize.

An extra £50 for runners up!

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 75), 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 7th.
Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed "— / & Co.]—" and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, August 21st.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600,** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, August 26th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

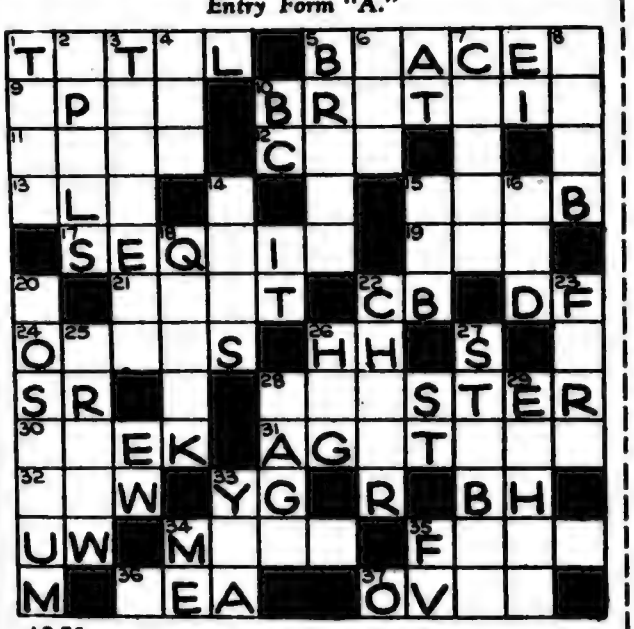
14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), August 7th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 75

Entry Form "A."



JB 75

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

JB 75

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 7th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

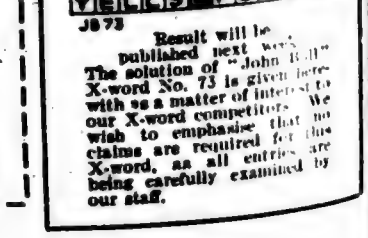
1. The whole.
5. Support trousers.
9. On.
10. This country.
11. Angler uses.
12. Headgear.
13. Given a little, some want this.
15. A plant.
17. A spangle.
19. Employ.
21. Eats away metal.
24. Fertile spot in desert.
26. Does a lot of crowing.
30. Boy Scouts go on.
31. Stir up.
32. A squabble.
34. Moneylender may get you into this.
35. Ran away.
36. Its colour is generally green.
37. Above.

Clues Down.

1. Found in an organ.
2. Precious stones.
3. Workers.
4. Insect.
5. Some workers earn their living by.
6. Tear.
7. Holidaymakers visit these.
8. Shows coldness.
14. Old maids like.
15. Wheel centre.
16. Bright colour.
18. Rapid in movement.
20. Favoured by politician.
22. You can sit in this.
23. Mean landlady stints this.
25. Shot from a bow.
26. Pig.
27. Houses a horse.
28. Attire of many.
29. Upper atmosphere.
33. Affirmative.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this X-word.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 73.



JB 73

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 73 is given here with as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Write to "JOHN BULL" About It!

POSTMAN (Clitheroe).—"Everyone with a dog should post a notice outside the house." But some dogs are so illiterate.

F. R. (Cromer).—"It took me two years to train my moustache properly." What tricks can it do now?

B. J. (Epsom).—"Do you consider horse-racing a clean sport?" Well, it cleans out a few every day.

M. M. (Westerham).—"Flowers have a language of their own, they say." Yes, flowery.

G. K. (Edgware).—"I have a collection of foreign coins." Are you owner of an automatic slot machine?

ESTHER (Aldgate).—"What is the most-quoted phrase in modern fiction?" "To be continued."

R. D. B. (Ashford).—"There are thirty-two teeth in a full set." A bit of a mouthful, too.

S. J. (Hull).—"I have invented a salt-cellar which cannot be knocked over." Good luck to you!

FRIENDS (Leeds).—"My wife paints," and her round our kitchen door could do with another coat.

S. I. D. (Tamworth).—"I am thinking of emigrating." Do so, England will be pleased.

H. M. (Hackney).—"I passed your office the other day." Thanks very much.

R. T. (Acton).—"My wife never does things by halves." Then she hasn't tackled a grapefruit.

P. G. (Dunmow).—"Do you know, I believe I am good-looking." Keep on believing, but don't look in a glass.

C. A. (Shepherd's Bush).—"Detectives were at the greyhound racing last night." They're always on some one's track.

C. L. (Brighton).—"Many girls come to the seaside just to bask in sunshine." Many more just to bask in men's admiration.

T. G. (Lincoln).—"A dictaphone is a valuable thing in any office." It never takes a man's mind off his work by crossing its legs.

A. W. (Grantham).—"Really mosquitoes are just like children." Yes, the moment they stop making a noise you know they're up to something.

M. D. (Southborough).—"I see that a party of twenty Canadian postmen is to visit this country next month." Our house-dogs are no doubt wondering what they will taste like.

R. D. (Limehouse).—"It surprises me how much space the newspapers devote to the doings of rich people." But it is only natural for money to draw interest.

The EDITOR REPLIES

J. D. M (Barnsley).—"I see that the latest invention for the home is concrete furniture." Is this fair play towards our healthy, destructive children?

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

G. E. (Harrogate).—"I never knew what love was till she threw me over." Some men have all the luck.

ARCHIE (Mayfair).—"Why do women stare at me?" Are you really as ugly as all that?

T. J. P. (Newmarket).—"A horse is man's best friend." Not when he bets on it.

JESSIE M. (Blackpool).—"My photograph was published in a paper yesterday." What were you cured of?

J. McG. (Brighton).—"Almost everything golden appeals to women." Except silence.

C. P. (Salisbury).—"Troubles rarely come one at a time." For instance, nobody ever suffered from just one mump.

MRS. M. (Chelsea).—"Would you let your daughter marry an architect?" Certainly not. He's sure to be a designing fellow.

M. A. (Rugby).—"Why do ladies tolerate such prices as 5s. 11½d.?" Well, round figures are so unfashionable these days.

HAL (Derby).—"The most soothing time on the wireless is when a string orchestra is playing." Another restful period is from midnight till 10.15 a.m.

D. R. B. (Manchester).—"Talking of holidays, why do people travel to the Continent?" Well, we understand that that is the way to get there.

K. G. (Brentwood).—"I raised my hat to a lady and she deliberately snubbed me." Evidently she knew you better than you knew her.

P. H. (Maldon).—"I know a man who can eat pints and pints of cockles." That's nothing; we know a man who can drink pints and pints of beer.

O. K. (Hendon).—"There is much to be said in favour of the sun-bather." Yes; he doesn't believe in keeping his skeleton in a cupboard.

F. K. (Frome).—"I ride a lot and am very attached to horses." That's really the only successful way to ride horses.

K. N. (Elmwood).—"I recently read a book called 'The Hell Within.'" What was it about? Indigestion?

SANDY (Dunoon).—"I think that Prohibition in America is a joke." It's a joke that goes down well.

D. W. (Grimsby).—"I know that fish can hear; but can they smell?" They often do.

T. T. (Lancing).—"Can you suggest a scheme to popularise tea in America?" Prohibit it.

C. Y. (Newark).—"I married for sympathy." And you seem to be getting it—from your friends.

M. G. (Bristol).—"Nothing can be achieved by sitting still." Hens will not agree with you.

W. B. (Norwich).—"I am always wondering why I don't make any headway." That is why.

S. S. (Clapton).—"What can you tell me about Aaron?" His name is among the first in the telephone directory.

H. N. (Hastings).—"Although my daughter can't act, she wants to go on the stage." Musical comedy is her only chance.

T. E. (Brighton).—"I don't think the man and woman living together next door are married. What shall I do?" Mind your own business.

MRS. L. (Clapham).—"He refused to let me try on a dress in the window." Of course, dressing-rooms are provided for that.

N. P. (Goole).—"She stole a pair of socks from a shop and pleaded that she was absent-minded." A clear case of wool-gathering.

M. N. (Guildford).—"Is there any way a young doctor can make money quickly?" Why not invent a vaccination scar that will look like a dimple?

P. N. (Hendon).—"Mental deficiency is not bound to be inherited." For instance, the son of a popular song-writer may be really musical.

G. J. (Oundle).—"The crust of the earth is two thousand miles thick." That's a blessing. The savage attacks of golfers can't do much harm, geologically, after all.

MRS. G. S. (Accrington).—"My new summer costume was ruined by the waves at Blackpool last week." Let a brain-wave supply your clothes for the rest of your life. That 1,000 Guineas on page 35 may be waiting for you.

J. F. (Whitstable).—"Henry Ford is now opening up his own rubber plantations." Then the time will come when he will give away a car with each set of tyres.

C. E. (Egham).—"My wife says her dress bills are double because, owing to the new fashion of longer skirts, she had to get longer lengths of dress material." That's a tall yarn.

N. P. (Yeovil).—"What we need is a substitute for beer." That's what we get.

D. K. (London, W.).—"In the summer women are better clothed than men." Better what?

ECONOMIST (Highgate).—"The people of Great Britain are sitting on a volcano." Then the general situation indicates an upward tendency.

BOXER (Hackney).—"Carnera is wanted in Italy for military service." There should be earth tremors in Europe when he marks time with those feet.

D. K. (Hoxton).—"A well-known heavyweight boxer is an amateur astronomer" He claims to have seen stars that no professional astronomer has ever seen.

G. N. (London, S.).—"Young men of to-day are very absent-minded." There was a case recently of a young man at the seaside actually teaching his own sister to swim.

O. R. (Seaford).—"Columbus' expedition to America cost only £1,200." You couldn't start that amount of trouble these days for twelve million.

D. K. (London).—"Bernard Shaw says that Manchester ought to be pulled down and then rebuilt." But wouldn't the inhabitants get wet while this was being done.

W. B. (Chelsea).—"I enclose a photograph of my latest picture. I am going to present it to some public institution, what do you suggest?" An asylum for the blind.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 5/- is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

SCHOOLGIRLS' WEEKLY:—"Carol and Linda looked at each other, then dissolved into peals of SILENT merriment."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"In the centre of the piece of ground where the crabs were found was a heap of exploded HOPE."

WHITBY GAZETTE:—"At Ayresome Park 20,000 children WAVED themselves hoarse and waved tiny Union JOCKS."

OUT O' DOORS:—"No efforts will be spared to make 'our' monthly more interesting than ever."

WEEKLY SCOTSMAN:—"The bride is a niece of the Earl of Lauderdale."

YOUTH:—"One of the boats dropped into the water, and WALKED TOWARDS US."

DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"More than ordinary interest was created by the appearance of a carriage driven by a well-groomed HORSE."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"An unknown man WAS YESTERDAY found drowned at Addlestone TO-DAY."

EVENING NEWS:—"Examination showed that the magneto was crammed with split PINTS."

"THE HOUSE OF TERROR" (Dick Turpin Library):—"The boards beneath him seemed to disappear and he dropped HEADLONG, FEET FIRST."

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

all razor blades are alike - - -

SMOOTHLY SPEAKING

you cannot find any to equal -

MYATT DAYMARK BLADES

3D. EACH

1/3 FOR FIVE

Sole Manufacturers
W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD.,
BIRMINGHAM.

For this style of razor

Feed Your Skin And Look Young

BEAUTIFUL GRANDMOTHERS

Contrary to general opinion, wrinkles, sagging facial muscles, shrunken tissues and bad complexion are not caused by age, but by under-nourishment of the skin. With a well nourished skin, a woman of 50 may easily look 30.

The best and most highly nourishing skin food known is predigested dairy cream and olive oil, combined with emulsified egg yolk and certain vegetable extracts. Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the above ingredients which an eminent Vienna Medical Professor says the skin must have to keep it young, fresh, clear and free from wrinkles. This is the secret which enables many a cinema actress past 40 to play young girl parts. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour at night and Crème Tokalon White Colour non-greasy) in the morning.

Crème Tokalon Skinfoods: Rose Colour 1/3 (Double size 2/-); White (Vanishing) 1/- (Double size 1/6). 38

6

OUT IN A FLASH—

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

Have you sent in YOUR entry in the FREE COMPETITION appearing on the Front Cover?

YOU SHOULD NOT MARRY

if suffering from Syphilis or Gonorrhœa, *until* you have ascertained that you are free from infection.

Both these diseases are curable, if treatment is commenced early and carried out conscientiously. They will not get well of themselves, or by self-treatment or quack treatment; and until cured they can be passed on to others.

Make up your mind to attend a Treatment Centre regularly, and to carry out the doctor's instructions until he is satisfied you have a clean bill of health.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained by writing to the Medical Secretary, Dept. P, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station). The Medical Secretary will interview callers free of charge at the above address on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, between 5.30 and 6.30; or an appointment may be made by telephoning Victoria 8767. No examination or treatment is undertaken.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom.

'The Greatest of These—" Fund

Help the WORK-HUNGRY!

"WE found him a reliable, careful and conscientious worker, and he proved himself very adaptable to the various kinds of work he was called upon to do."

Add to this the character expressed in the one word "exemplary" on this ex-Service man's Army discharge certificate, and then read this extract from a simple letter of despair:

"I want work"

"I am an ex-Service man, one of the Old Contemptibles, having been in India before the war, thirty-eight years of age, with a wife and three children. I have had no work now for the past fifteen months, and then only a few weeks, following a terrible period.

"I have been everywhere; seen everybody, so it seems; but nobody has any work for a man unskilled in any trade. How I've tramped round—but no use!

"I have been ill—malnutrition, the doctor said. My wife has been in hospital, and my three children have not any boots."

Of his three boys, the eldest, aged eight, has suffered for the last six years with Bright's disease. The two younger, aged six and two years, are very anæmic.

This man's cry, like that of many another unemployed, is "I want work; I want work."

His wife is troubled because the rent is in arrears. Her boys being delicate, her husband's unemployment pay is chiefly expended in keeping them alive.

We implore happy holiday-makers, who, through the boon of having work, can afford a holiday for themselves and their family, to help this man whose little boy was unable to go for an outing with his school mates, because, in his weak state, the strain would have been too great for him.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, "The Greatest of These—" Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

G. Severn (Derby), 2s. 6d.; A Reader, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Hepworth (Ilford), 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; Anon. (Didsbury), 2s. 6d.; H. O. W. (High Wycombe), 2s.; In Memory of Daddy, from Mary, 2s.; Old Sport (Chipping Sodbury), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Grimsby), 1s.; M. M. (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; E. M. (Blandford Street), 3s.; Southend Nurse and Prittlewell (Southend), 3s. 3d.; Nig and Pog (Bowston Bridge), 3s. 6d.; R. A. M. C. (Gloucester), 2s.; Mrs. Robertson (Epsom), £5; Widowed (Acton), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Unemployed (Tonyrefail), 1s.; Blod, 1s.; S. M. W. (Gt. Easton), 5s.; M. Lunt (Staffs), 1s.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s.; J. E. Leathe (Northwich), 1s.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 3s.; Toby (Cornwall), 1s.; V. (Yiewsley), 5s.; Mrs. J. Crowhurst (Lewisham), 1s.; H. S., 5s.; Pensioner (Tredegar), 2s. 6d.; A Thank Offering (Brighton), 6½d.; One in Sympathy (Machen), 2s.; H. C. (Hartlepool), 6d.; Mother and Son (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 2s.; Mrs. M. Turner (Darwen), 6d.; Miss M. Thomas (Derby), 2s. 6d.; H. Joyce (Rutland), 5s.; A Well Wisher (Norriston), 6d.; Mr. T. Jones (Llanelly), 1s.; J. W. Frost (Hull), 1s.; T. W. (Bolton), 1s.; Squib (Bradford), 1s.; Toiler (Dorset), 3s.; P. H. and S. H. E. (Canterbury), 5s.; In God's Dear Name (Portsmouth), 1s. 6d.; M. Wells (Shipley), 1s. 6d.; Daisy Sargent (Amberley), £1; A Thankful Mother (Lincs), 6d.; Pimple, 2s.; Anon. (Birmingham), 2s.; A. D. (Carm), 2s.; A. B. Slathwaite, 1s.; C. E. B. (Teddington), 2s. 11d.; Anon., 1s.; J. I. J. (Tonypandy), 2s. 6d.; Good Luck (Ilford), 3s.; H. B. (Port Clarence), 5s.; Wood, 1s.; C. G. J. (Wallesey), £1 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Nicotine (Warrington), £1 1s.; Targets, 1s.; A. McLean, of Argentine, 1s. 6d.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

Woman's Workshop

Dangers which lurk in the background.

JOHN BULL pays £100.

A typical scene in millions of homes.

COOKING the dinner, scrubbing the kitchen floor, washing the dishes—these are everyday domestic duties performed week after week with monotonous regularity. Then, one day, there is a slight variation in the daily routine and tragedy follows swiftly.

It was just a little variation in the domestic duties of Mrs. Mullen, of 82, Primrose Terrace, Primrose Hill, nr. Jarrow-on-Tyne, which caused her death.

She was standing on a table in order to clean some paintwork, when she slipped and fell headlong, her injuries proving fatal.

JOHN BULL has forwarded to her husband, a registered reader, a cheque for £100 under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance.

Danger lurks in the most unsuspected places—are *you* covered against accident? If not, sign the forms below now.

HOME ACCIDENTS—£2 a Week.

We give below the names of a few only who benefit on account of Home Accidents.

ST. EBBES, OXFORD.—Mrs. O. Barney, 8, Beef Lane.
CORBRIDGE, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. E. Simpson, Middle St.
KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK.—Mrs. E. E. Frost, Oaklands, Litcham.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. A. E. Haslam, 6, Oldham St.
DARLINGTON.—Mrs. D. Hakin, 4, Brunton St.
SALFORD, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. J. Lee, 12, Maleham St., Higher Broughton.
ST. HELENS, LANCS.—Mrs. M. James, 27, Chapel St.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. E. J. Asplet, 10, Whitaker St.
LEEDS.—Mrs. A. Woolman, 78, Lady Pit Lane, Beeston Hill.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. N. L. Eastman, 9, Cressy Place, Landport.
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NORWICH.—Mrs. E. V. Hindle, 3, Council Houses, Poringland.
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BRYN, PORT TALBOT.—Mrs. D. J. Morgans, 19, Meadow Row.
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SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. Milton, 140, Woodseats Rd.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. Allen, 5, Dial Way, Firth Park.
BELFAST.—Mrs. D. McComb, 134, Dee St.
SALFORD, LANCS.—Mrs. N. Bray, 10, Owen St.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. H. Bruce, 25, Hadfield St., Old Trafford.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—Mrs. A. Booth, 109, Ann St.
DONCASTER.—Mrs. E. Watson, 3, Crawshaw Rd., Heatherge.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 2/8/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 2/8/30.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

"IT'S THE NIB THAT COUNTS."

"I have used a JOHN BULL Pen for 7 years. It is the finest Pen that I ever handled. I shall always recommend your Pens to anyone who needs a good Pen. They are equal to pens costing 30/-; it's the nib that counts."—Mr. G. Tooth, 3, Queens Road, Aldershot.

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil Free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

"John Bull's" Pen Coupon Value 6d.

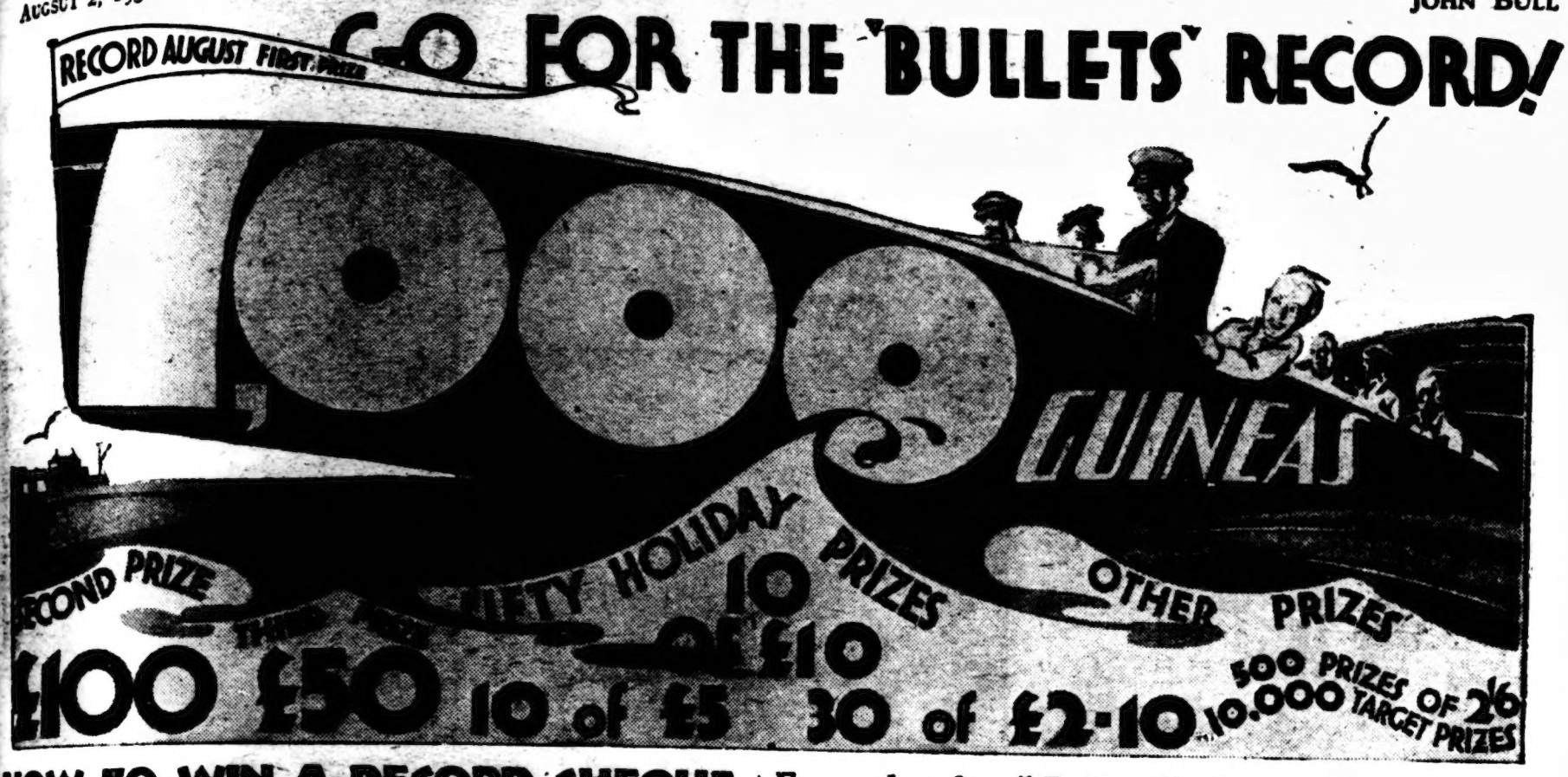
Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold if required. Give name or initials. Pen, 6d. extra. Cross remittance & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



HOW TO WIN A RECORD CHEQUE

YET another *Bullets* Record this week! Our monster First Prize of 1,000 Guineas is the biggest ever offered at the holiday season, and there are fifty other big holiday cheques to be won in this seasonable prize-list.

All you have to do is to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* on this page.

Here is a pointer to the type of effort which wins. Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example* BLIGHTED HIS LIFE, by adding the words "CLOUD" OVER EX-CONVICT'S NAME a typical *Bullet* is completed. Do not, of course, use this specimen.

Before you start making up *Bullets* for this big contest, however, study the efforts below, which have all brought big Holiday Cheques to enterprising entrants. Your entry for the 1,000 Guineas must reach us not later than Saturday, August 16.

P.S.—Are you taking advantage of the free help and encouragement to would-be winners which *Bullets Bulletin* is bringing weekly to its circle of enthusiastic entrants?

To its many useful hints and valuable information we have now added the attraction of handsome Free Gifts for regular readers. Follow the instructions below the coupons on this page, and let *Bullets Bulletin* help you win!

100 HOLIDAY PRIZES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £250, COMPETITION No. 766:

Mr. F. Gee, Naval and Military Club, Southend-on-Sea.
Example:—TRAGEDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT
Bullet:—OVERMUCH "DIALOGUE"—FEW "SITUATIONS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. M Dunk, 5, Westway Parade, Malvern Road, Charminster, Bournemouth.
Example:—Watch Your Step, Or
Bullet—Mudguards May Provide "Wings."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. J. Ormerod, 1, Gorsey Mount Street, Webb Lane, Stockport.
Example—Man Without A Friend
Bullet—Once Had A "Number."

2 PRIZES OF £12 EACH:

P. DAVIS, 26, Lisbon Street, Leeds.
Drives Me Mad—Going "Downhill"—Friends "Sloping."

D. MacFARLANE, 267, Hamlet Court Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Out In The Open—Health's "Free"—Capture It!

15 PRIZES OF £9 EACH:

A. ALBURY, 30, Sturry Road, Canterbury.
Led Astray — Thirsty — Driven There, Hungry.

J. BAILEY, 58, Edmund Road, Birmingham.
Winning — Through — Through With "Winners."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. CHRISTIE, Viewfield, Moorfield Road, Gourock, Renfrewshire.
Listening To The Music—They Hummed And *Thawed*.

Mrs. A. COLLINGHAM, 20, Conway Place, Harehills.
Waste Of Energy—Committees—Commissions—Come On!

A. CRANE, 169, Tyler Street, Sheffield.
Man Without A Friend—Aloof—A Foul.

P. W. MILLWARD, 38, Durham Road, Newport, Mon.
On A Diet—Boss—"Chewing Up" Staff.

S. MORTON, 71, West Bars, Chesterfield.
Her Baby—Is—Has—Wants Everything.

Mrs. A. MURPHY, 12, North Linrigg, Newhouse, nr. Motherwell, N.B.
Listening To The Music—Soothes Souls—Agitates Soles.

P. A. NICHOLAS, Nunton, Salisbury.
Miss Gadabout—Let Mother Feel, Occasionally.

P. J. SANDS, 74, Addison Drive, St. Giles, Lincoln.
Surprise For The Policeman—"Britain, You're Not Wanted!"

A. SAYLES, 199, Pearl Street, Sheffield.
Food—Imported—Price "Grows Here."

G. W. SWAINSTON, 38, Fenton Street, Boosbeck, Yorks.
Something To Remember—Mother's Love—Motherland's Loveliness.

H. SYKES, 39, Fernhead Road, Paddington, London, W.
Drives Me Mad—Government's Pace—"Passing" Nothing.

F. E. WATTS, 3, Seymour Place, London, W.
Listening To The Music—Elector—"Voice" Heard Later.

Mrs. WILSON, 63, St. Osyth Road, Clacton-on-Sea.
Food—Values—Scraggy Professor Explains!

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 20 Holiday Prize-winners of £6. 60 of £3 and 500 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of question arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this prize is an express condition of entry.

4. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

"Examples" for Competition No. 771.

A Good Omen—The Last Man In—Spirited Away—Uphill Work—For The Public—Guiding Hand—Holiday Spirit—Makes Landlady Smile—Not For Publication—Too Long—Starved Of Affection—Girl At The Office—More Progress—Event—Dismissed—Ready For Anything—Wonderfully Effective—Welcome Break—Fine Specimen—Unhappy—Paradise For Two—Without Delay—Man In Charge—In Brief—Awaiting Developments—Surprise For The Tripper—Cultivating A Thirst—Wrapped In Mystery—Leaving—Worth Thousands—Dangerous For Children—"Congratulations!"

(Closing Saturday, August 23.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 770

EMPIRE TEAM
BEAVERBROOK AND ROTHERMERE
END OF THE SLUMP
PUBLIC PROPERTY
BLIGHTED HIS LIFE
PULLING THE TRIGGER
IN A NEW DRESS
GOING TO THE WALL
WAVE OF POPULARITY
MERELY
STICK TO THE TRUTH AND SPELLS TROUBLE
SEASIDE AIR
TIME, THE ENEMY
EVERY NATION
IN THE TRAFFIC JAM
HOUR OF OPPORTUNITY
ABOVE US
CHEQUERED CAREER
HE SIGNED THE PLEDGE, BUT
MUCH SIMPLER
NOT A BIT
RUNNING SMOOTHLY
NEVER WORRIES
AN OLD STAGER
EXTRA WORK
PROFITING BY EXPERIENCE
FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION
LET'S HOPE THAT
BETWEEN THE SEXES
SUNNY DAYS
TALKING BUSINESS
BOMBSHELL FOR PARLIAMENT
FROM FIRST TO LAST
SURPRISE FOR THE SCEPTICS
FOR A WEEK
HUMILIATING
THE BEST PART
IN SELF-DEFENCE
UNSEEN

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 14.
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(770) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 16.
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(770) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 16.
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(770) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 16.
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(770) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 770, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Prizes in Competition No. 770 have purchased "John Bull."

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, enclosing a halfpenny stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Or, better still, make sure of the next 12 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press, Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 765 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Salmon, 229, Barking Road, Canning Town, London, E.

Does Rupture hold YOU back from Active Pleasures?

If it does, take advantage of this FREE TRIAL OFFER

The summer holidays are close upon us, with the promise of days in the open air, days by the sea or in the country, days for the enjoyment of tennis, cycling, golf and the hundred and one pastimes of joyous health. Will you enjoy them to the full, or does rupture compel you to watch the enjoyment of others? It need not.

Thousands of ruptured men, women and children have already obtained relief and comfort because they accepted this wonderful free offer, and are now enjoying the physical activity and happiness which have been denied them so long. Follow their lead—

SIGN THE COUPON BELOW

The Brooks Rupture Appliance

differs from ordinary spring trusses as youth differs from age

It is unlike any truss you have ever seen or worn. It was invented by a man who suffered as you have suffered. He knew the discomfort of ordinary trusses, and out of his own suffering grew this idea to make something different, something more comfortable and efficient. You may try his invention FREE.

Whether you work, play or sleep, it gives you permanent, positive protection and comfort all the time.

The Brooks Rupture Appliance does away with all the disagreeable and irritating features of belts supports and trusses—it has *no spring or metal part*—yet it cannot slip or move. Once properly adjusted it is always on duty. Its patented automatic air cushion, or pad, is so made that air circulates through it freely, keeping it cool and fresh, and there is a give and take to it which meets every movement of the body.

It is so Light, Compact and Flexible

that you can wear it and enjoy the relief and comfort it gives 24 hours a day. You don't know you have it on.

1,500 British Medical men recommend this Appliance to their patients. Many wear it themselves. Their testimony, as well as that of their patients, proves that this wonderful Appliance will bring relief, comfort, peace of mind and security to *you*. No matter what support or truss you are wearing, you owe it to yourself to learn more about Brooks Rupture Appliance. The Brooks free trial offer enables you to do so at no cost to yourself.

Try the Brooks Rupture Appliance on our Money Back Guarantee basis

and let it banish for ever the discomfort, pain and fear of years. Let it show you how you also may enjoy the healthy activities of life. Renew your youth and know to their fullest extent the real joys of life.

CAUTION.

Take a hold on your future, enjoy life from now on.

Get ready for your holidays now. You are entitled to health and freedom of movement, to bodily ease and the joys of life. Get to know what these things really mean. Fill in the coupon and try the Brooks Rupture Appliance on our money back guarantee basis. You will say, as many others have said, "Why did I not try Brooks Rupture Appliance before?" Now is the time to act—this minute—while the coupon is in front of you. Send it either to the London or the Manchester office—whichever is more convenient or nearer to you—only SEND IT NOW!

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. LTD.

(468S.) 80, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.2. (468S.) 274, Deansgate, MANCHESTER.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, and your trial offer. Please write plainly.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

REG. TRADE MARK

If you are State insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society.

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Resolve Now to enjoy your Holiday this Year

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